

POLICE

JANUARY No. 50

COMICS

10¢



PLASTIC MAN
PROTECTS
CROOKDOM



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

"CURIOSITY KILLED A CAT"

— BUT IT ANSWERED
A QUESTION FOR
JIM AND JANE

SEE YOU GOT
YOUR NEW BIKE
JIM. BOY IT'S
A BEAUTY!

SURE IS!
AND IT'S GOT
A MORROW
COASTER BRAKE
— THE BEST
MADE!

YOU
KNOW
IT!

JIM, WHY DO ALL
THE BOYS AND GIRLS
SAY A MORROW'S THE
BEST COASTER
BRAKE MADE?

SEARCH ME. JUST
IS. EVERYBODY
KNOWS THAT.
BUT LET'S ASK DAD
— HE'LL KNOW!

DADDY, WHY DO ALL
THE BOYS AND GIRLS
SAY MORROW IS THE
BEST COASTER
BRAKE MADE?

MORROW — WHY THAT'S
THE COASTER BRAKE
I HAD ON MY BIKE. YOU
BET IT'S THE BEST, AND
I'LL SHOW YOU WHY —

HERE'S MY OLD BIKE —
USED TO RIDE OVER TO SEE
YOUR MOTHER ON IT. THE
BIKE'S ABOUT THROUGH,
BUT THAT MORROW
BRAKE IS AS GOOD
AS NEW!

NOW LOOK AT THIS MORROW
ON YOUR BIKE, JANE. FIRST
THING, IT'S THE ONLY COASTER
BRAKE MADE IN AMERICA
THAT HAS 31 BALL BEARINGS

OH I GET IT! THAT'S WHERE
MORROW GETS "SPEED-WHEELING"
COASTING

RIGHT, JIM, AND
MORROW COASTER BRAKES
ARE MADE BY A FAMOUS
MAKER OF AUTOMOBILE
BRAKES—SO THEY
REALLY KNOW HOW

NOW WATCH THIS — SEE HOW JUST A
TOUCH OF MY HAND STOPPED THAT
WHIRLING WHEEL QUICK. THAT'S THE
QUICK, SAFE STOPPING ACTION EVERY
BIKE BRAKE SHOULD HAVE

GEE, LOOK AT
DAD WHIZZ ALONG
—AND HE CAN
STOP ON A DIME

YOU'D THINK
HE OWNED
A BRAND
NEW BIKE

A MORROW
COASTER BRAKE
KEEPS MY BIKE
RIDING LIKE NEW!

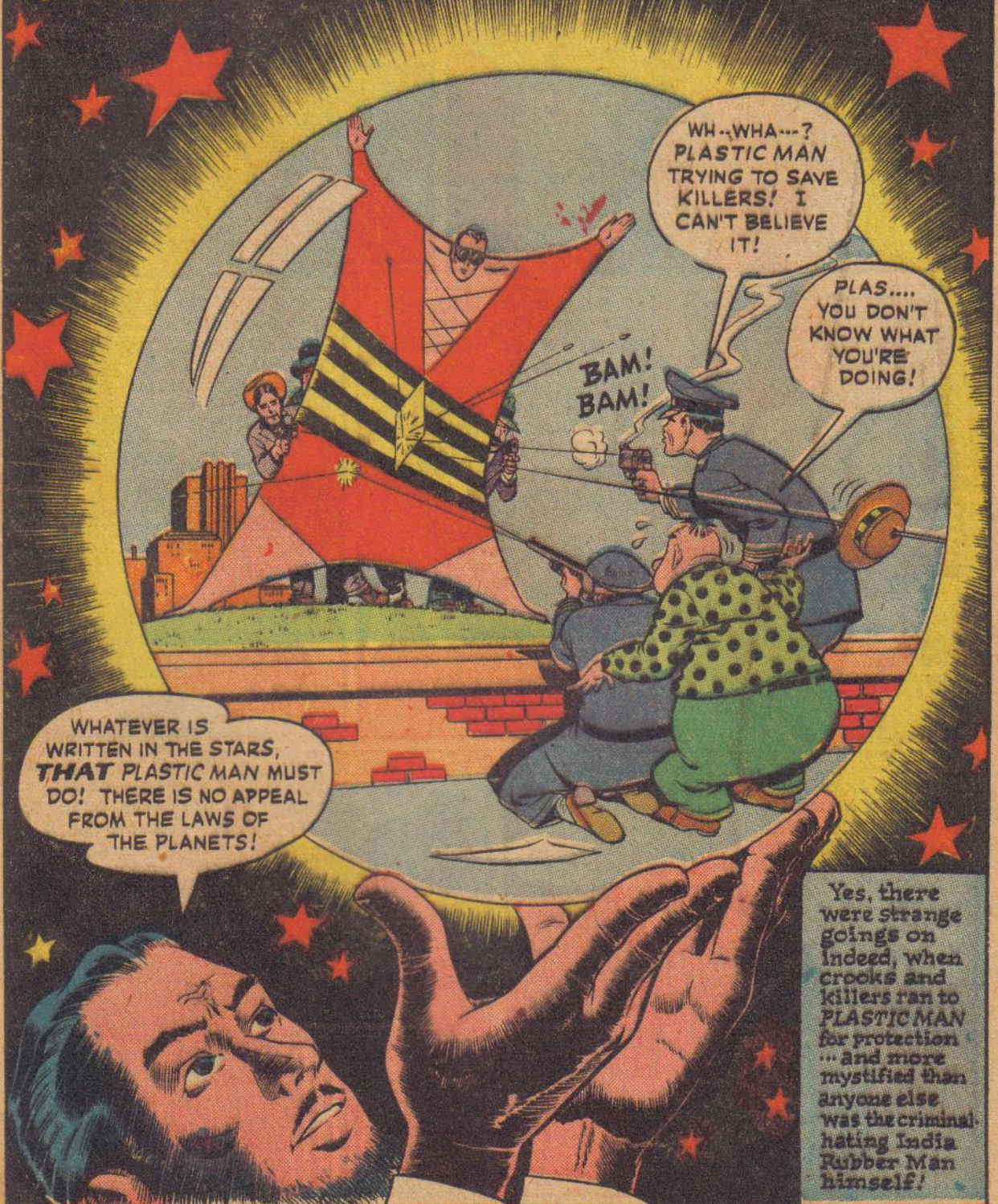
THE MORROW COASTER BRAKE

Today smart boys and girls are the buyers of MORROW. They know every Morrow Coaster Brake is a product of Bendix Creative Engineering. ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION,

Bendix AVIATION CORPORATION, ELMIRA, N. Y.



PLASTIC MAN



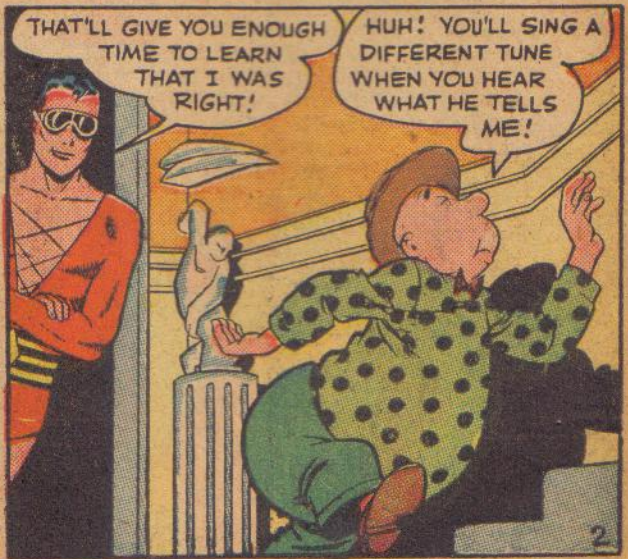
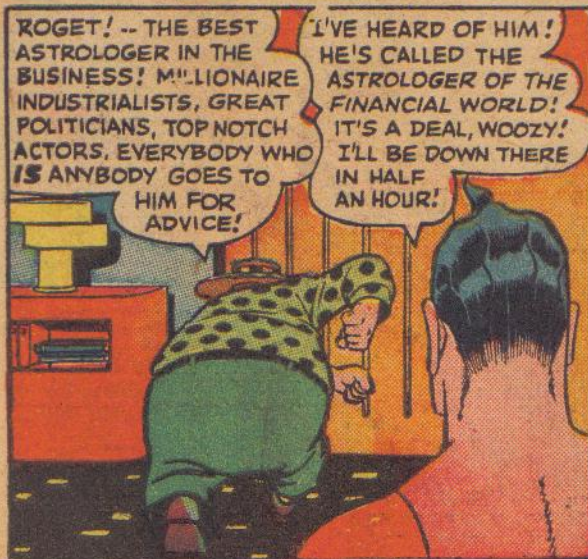
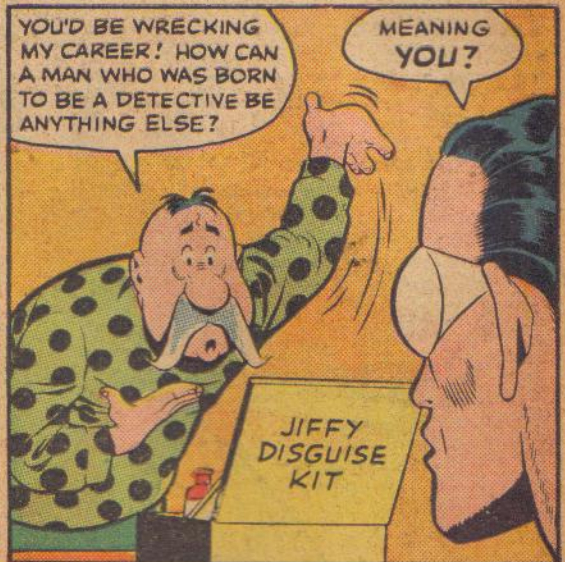
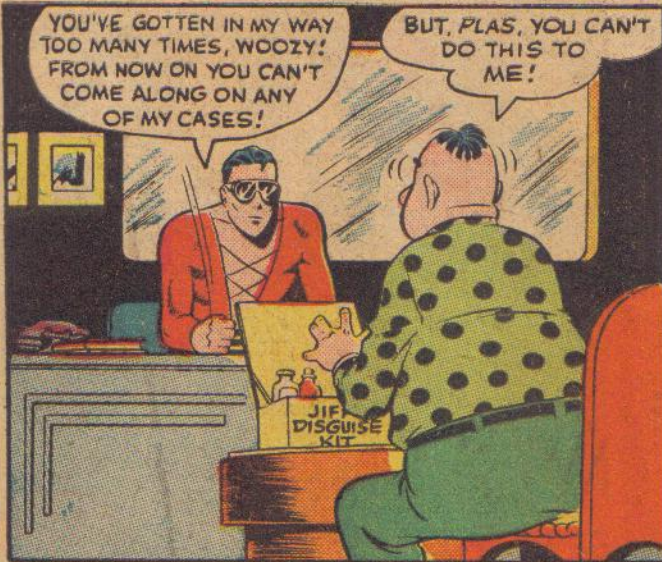
WHATEVER IS
WRITTEN IN THE STARS,
THAT PLASTIC MAN MUST
DO! THERE IS NO APPEAL
FROM THE LAWS OF
THE PLANETS!

WH...WHA...?
PLASTIC MAN
TRYING TO SAVE
KILLERS! I
CAN'T BELIEVE
IT!

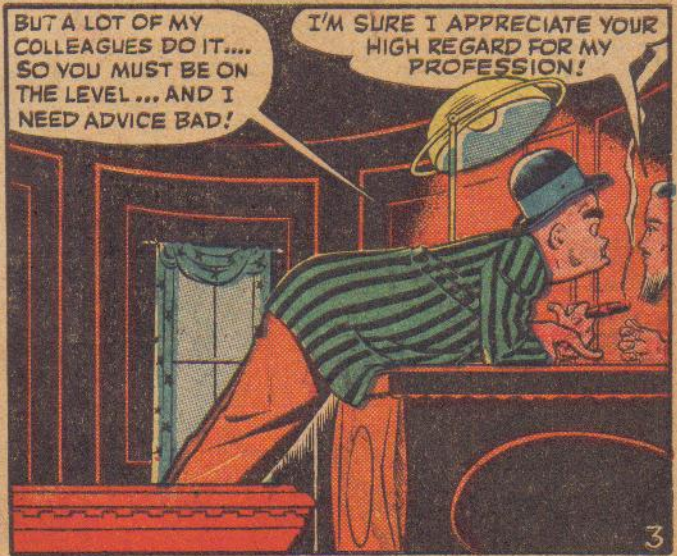
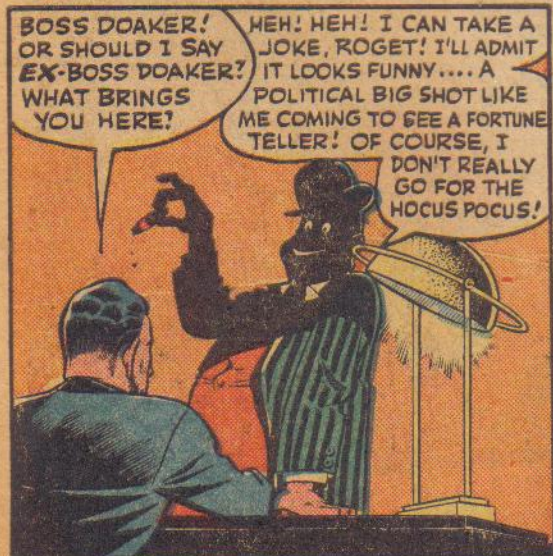
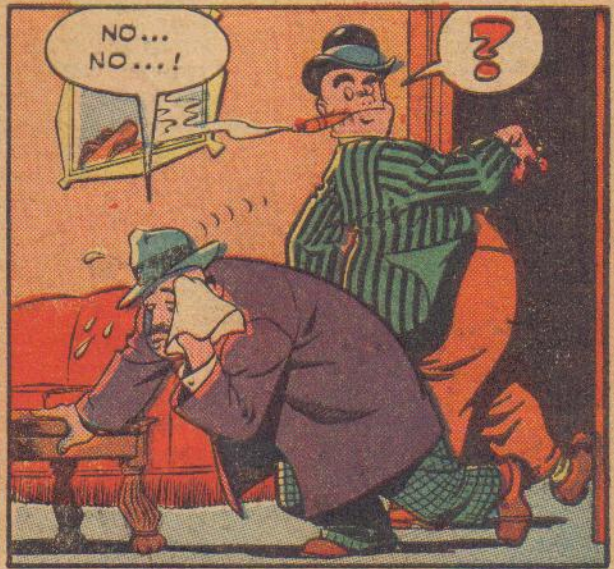
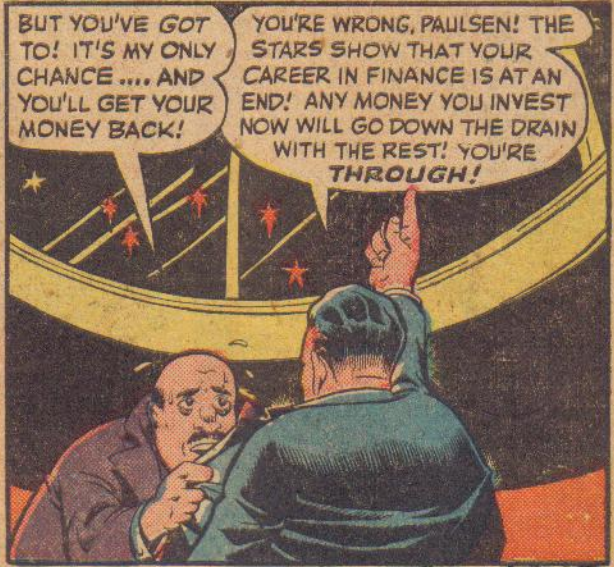
PLAS....
YOU DON'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE
DOING!

BAM!
BAM!

Yes, there
were strange
goings on
indeed, when
crooks and
killers ran to
PLASTIC MAN
for protection
... and more
mystified than
anyone else
was the criminal-
hating India
Rubber Man
himself!



Meanwhile, in a penthouse atop a skyscraper in the heart of the financial district



POLICE COMICS

I'LL GET DOWN TO BRASS TACKS! I GUESS YOU KNOW JIM BRANDERS HAS TAKEN OVER MY JOB AS POLITICAL BOSS IN MY PARTY! WHAT I WANT TO KNOW... AND I'LL PAY HANDSOMELY FOR YOUR PREDICTION... IS HOW LONG HAS BRANDERS GOT TO LIVE?



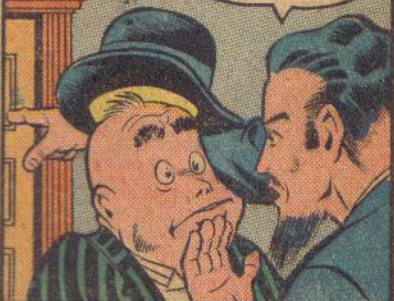
BUT WHY DO YOU WISH TO KNOW THIS?

BECAUSE HE'S SO SOLIDLY AND ENTRENCHED HIMSELF SO IF I WERE TO TELL YOU THAT HE IS DESTINED TO LIVE A LONG TIME, YOU MIGHT TAKE MEASURES TO CUT IT SHORTER! IS THAT IT? GET IT?



NOW DON'T GET ME WRONG! I DIDN'T SAY THAT! IT'S JUST---

IT'S JUST THAT YOU'RE THE CROOKED KIND OF POLITICIAN THIS TOWN CAN DO WITHOUT! I DON'T INTEND TO HELP YOU HARM JIM BRANDERS! NOW GET OUT!



THE DIRTY PHONY! I'LL TEACH HIM TO TALK THAT WAY TO ME!



S'MATTER, BIG SHOT? SORE ABOUT SOMETHIN'?



THE CANNON! LISTEN, YOU CHEAP TORPEDO... HOW DARE YOU ADDRESS ME IN PUBLIC?



CAN IT, BIG SHOT, AND WAIT HERE! I GOT AN APPERNTMENT!



I BEG YOUR PARDON! I WAS EXPECTING A MR. FORSYTHE AT THIS TIME! YOU DON'T LOOK ---



ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! SO I AIN'T MR. FORSYTHE! I HADDA GIVE YER A FANCY NAME TO GET THE APPERNTMENT, DIDN'T I?



THE CANNON, THE PAPERS CALL ME! GRAB FIVE!



NO, THANK YOU! I'M NOT ACCUSTOMED TO SHAKING HANDS WITH GANGSTERS! THIS SEEMS TO BE MY DAY FOR RUNNING INTO UNSAVORY CHARACTERS!



POLICE COMICS

LOOK, YOU CRUMMY TEA LEAF READER FOR LESS THAN THAT I ONCE CUT A GUY'S EARS OFF! BUT I NEED YOUR SOIVICES SO TO SPEAK ... SO YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH THAT ONE! ONLY DON'T SOUND OFF AGAIN!



REALLY? AND WHAT DO YOU THINK I MIGHT DO FOR YOU?

IT'S SIMPLE! YOU'RE IN THIS RACKET FOR THE MOOLAH AND I'M CONTEMPLATIN' A JOB THAT'LL BRING IN PLENTY OF IT! ONLY I CAN'T CASE THIS JOB THE WAY I'D LIKE TO SO YOU GOTTA TELL ME IF IT'LL PAN OUT!



I SEE!

THE ROCKWALL INSURANCE COMPANY'S GONNA HAVE FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND SMACKEROOS IN THE OFFICE ON FRIDAY! TELL ME I WON'T RUN INTO TROUBLE THERE AND HALF OF IT'S YOURS!

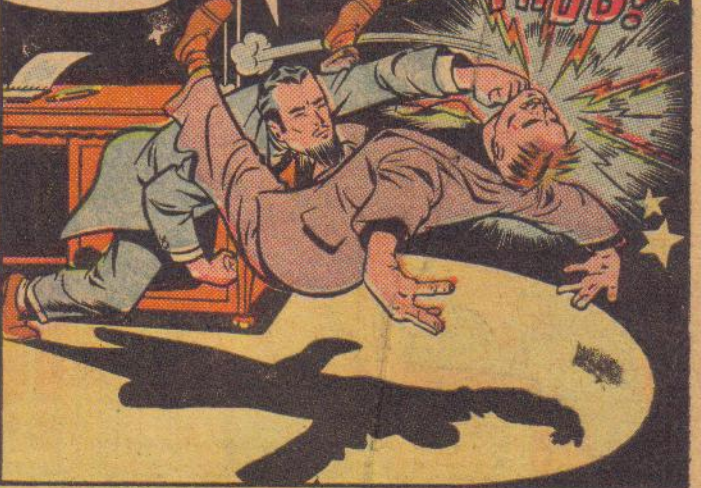


ROCKWALL INSURANCE COMPANY! I'LL MAKE A NOTE OF THAT FOR THE POLICE!

HUH?

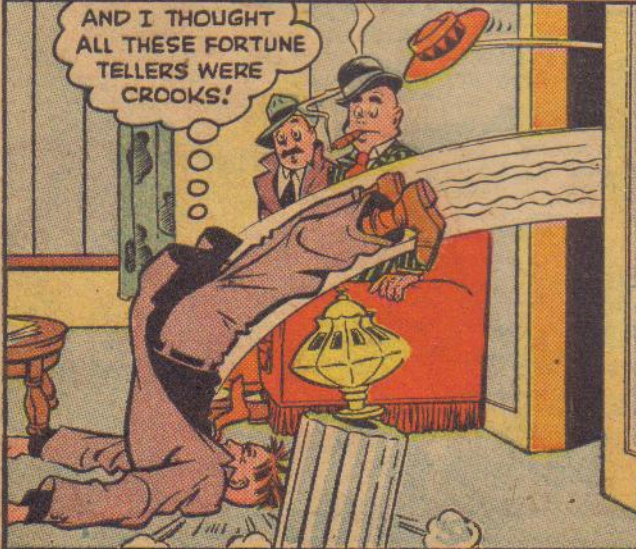


AND THIS IS FOR ASSUMING THAT I WOULD PARTICIPATE IN A CRIME!



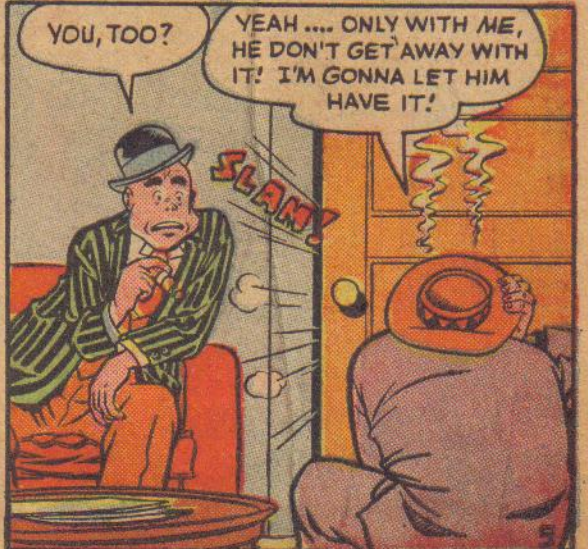
THUD!

AND I THOUGHT ALL THESE FORTUNE TELLERS WERE CROOKS!



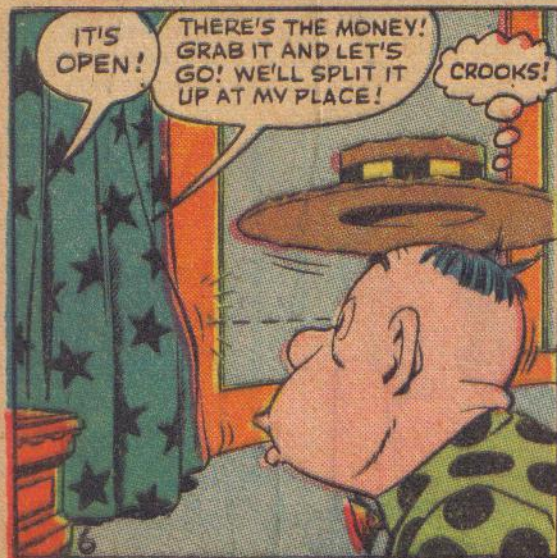
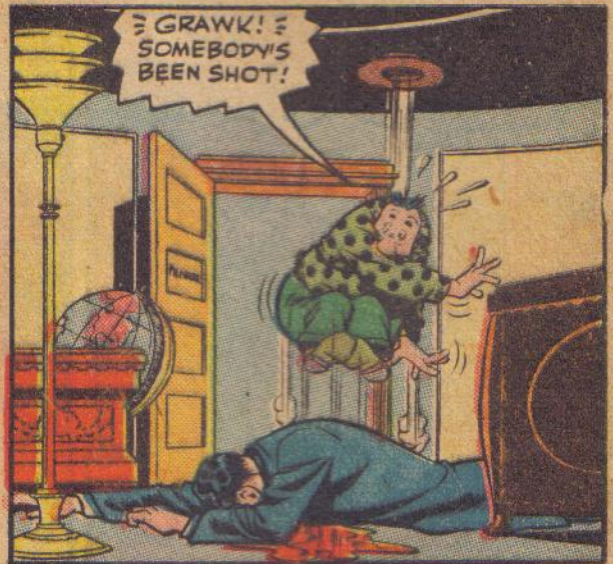
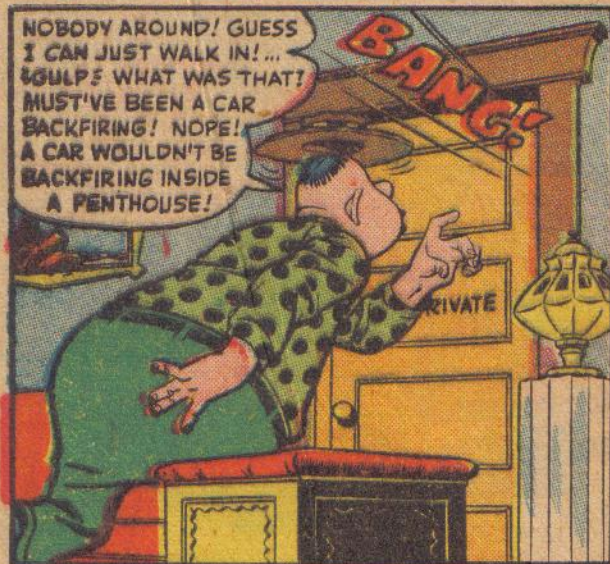
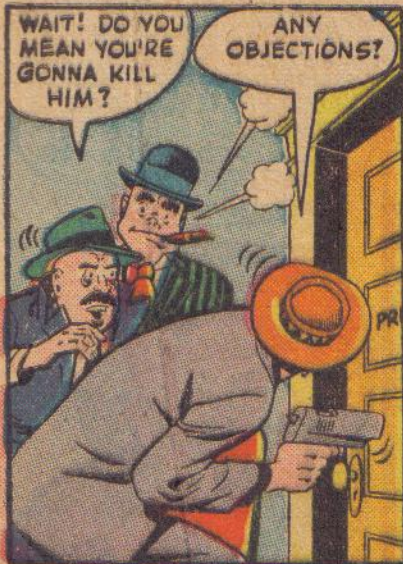
YOU, TOO?

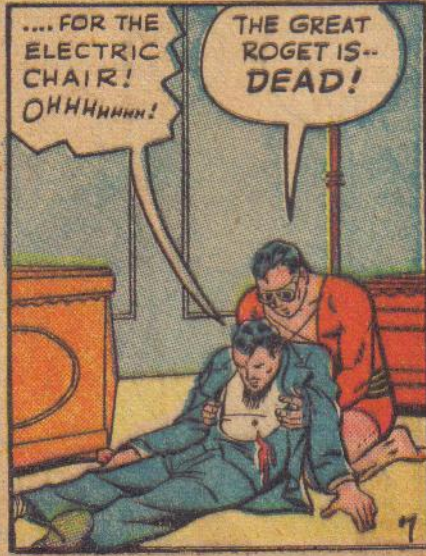
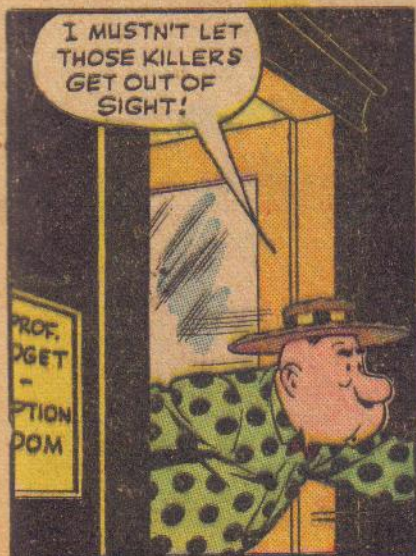
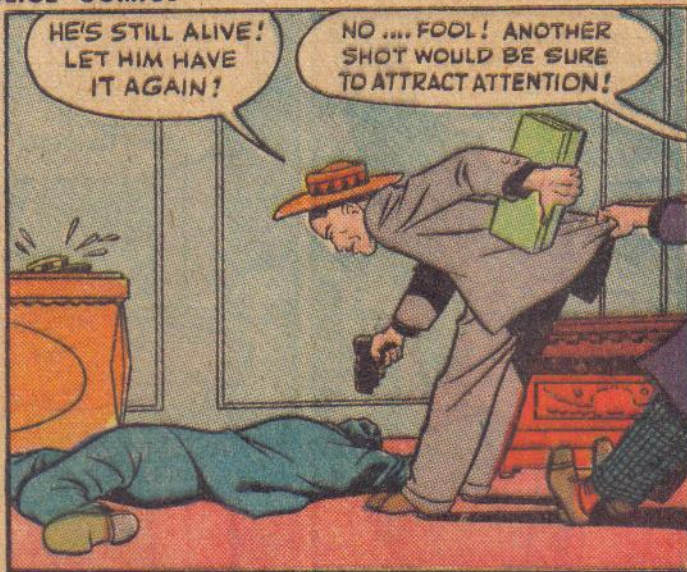
YEAH ONLY WITH ME, HE DON'T GET AWAY WITH IT! I'M GONNA LET HIM HAVE IT!

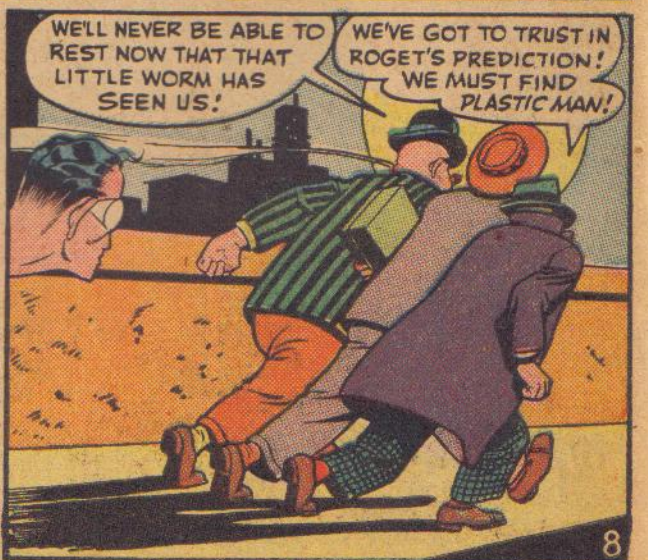
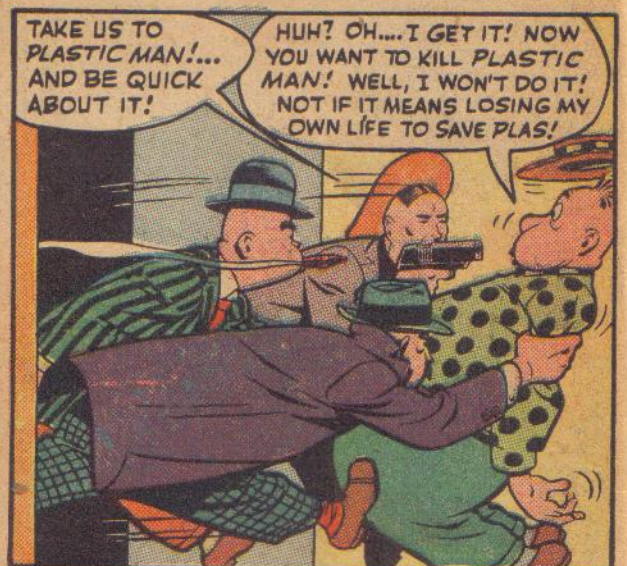
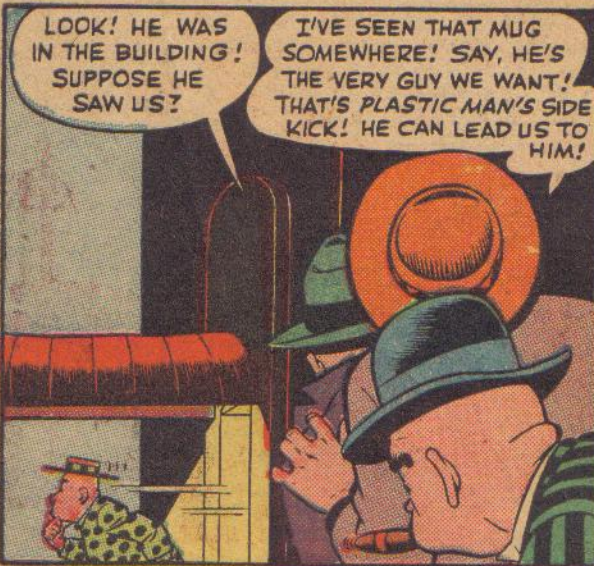


SLAM!

POLICE COMICS







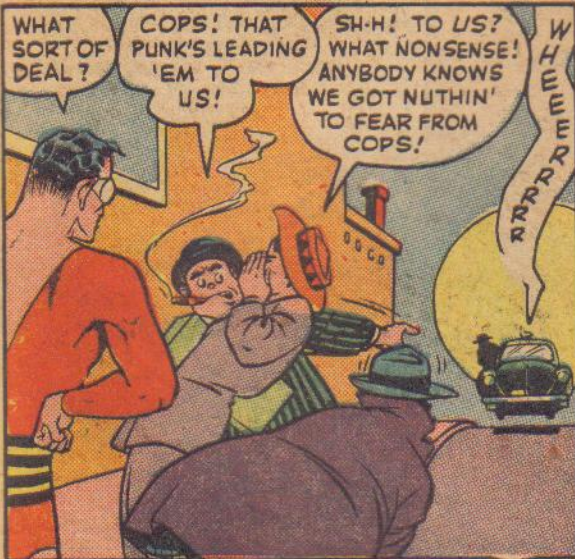


DID I HEAR YOU GENTLEMEN MENTION MY NAME?

PLASTIC MAN! WHAT A BREAK!

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DAY WHEN THE CANNON WOULD BE GLAD TO SEE ME!

AW, PLASTIC MAN, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! WE KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A GOOD GUY AT HEART! AS A MATTER OF FACT, WE'RE READY TO MAKE A DEAL WITH YER!



WHAT SORT OF DEAL?

COPS! THAT PUNK'S LEADING 'EM TO US!

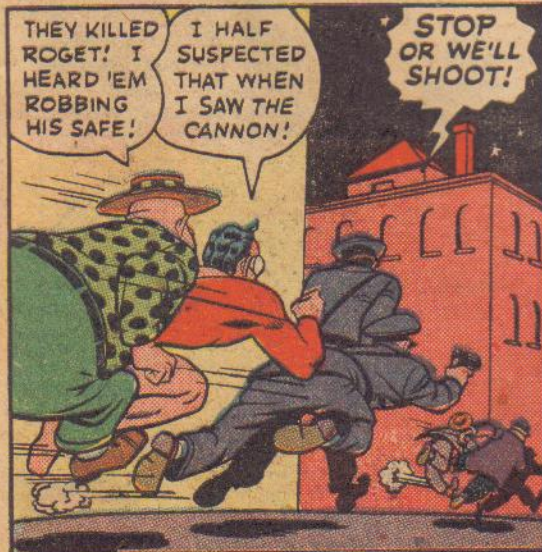
SH-H! TO US? WHAT NONSENSE! ANYBODY KNOWS WE GOT NUTHIN' TO FEAR FROM COPS!

WHEEED



THOSE ARE THE GUYS! GET 'EM, FELLERS! HI, PLAS!

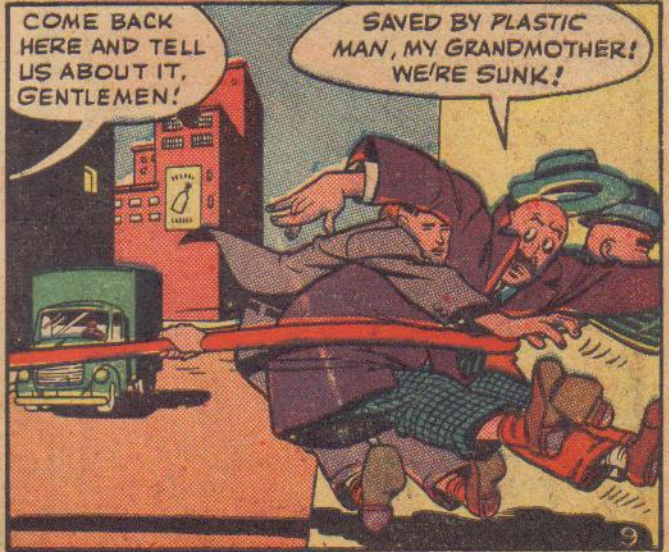
LET'S NOT CARRY OUR FAITH IN ROGET'S PREDICTION TOO FAR! WE'D BETTER GET GOING!



THEY KILLED ROGET! I HEARD 'EM ROBBING HIS SAFE!

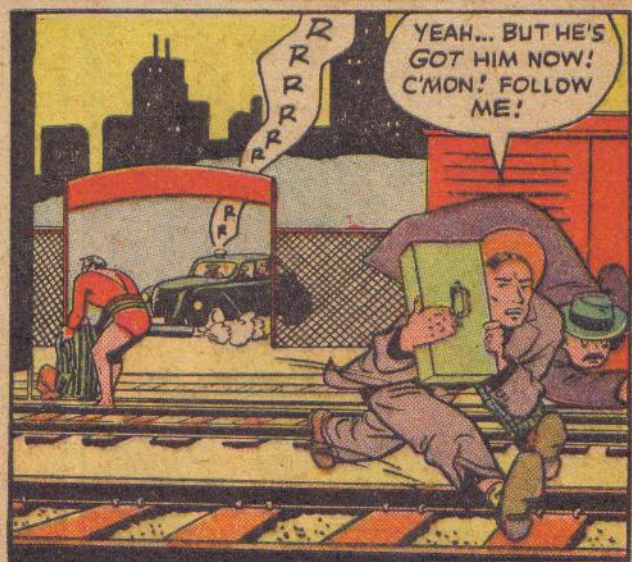
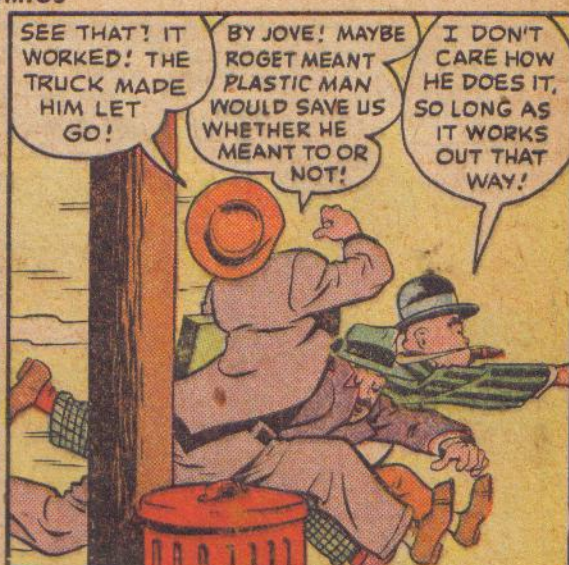
I HALF SUSPECTED THAT WHEN I SAW THE CANNON!

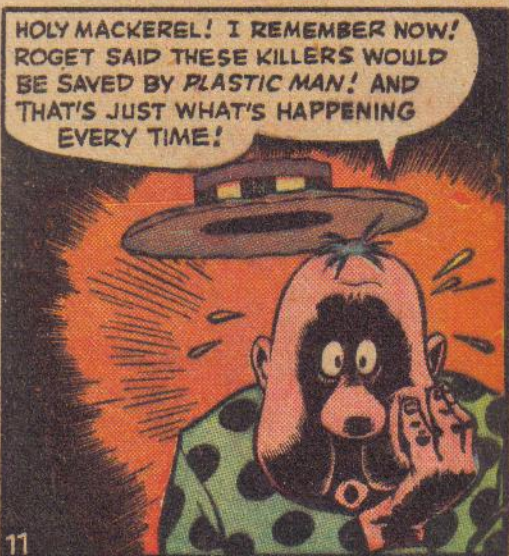
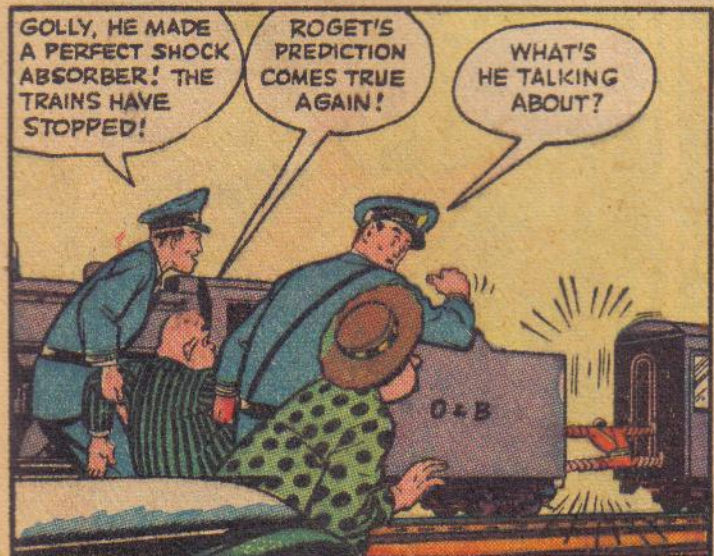
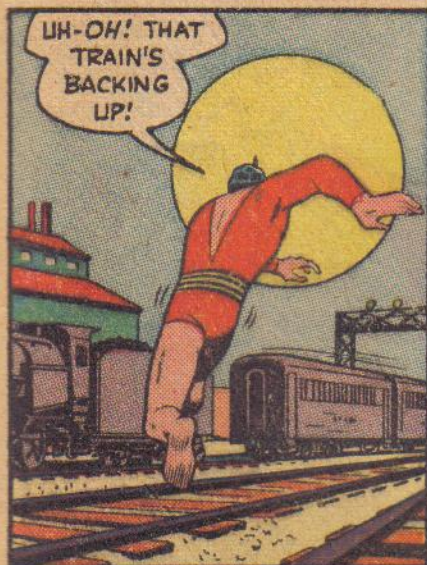
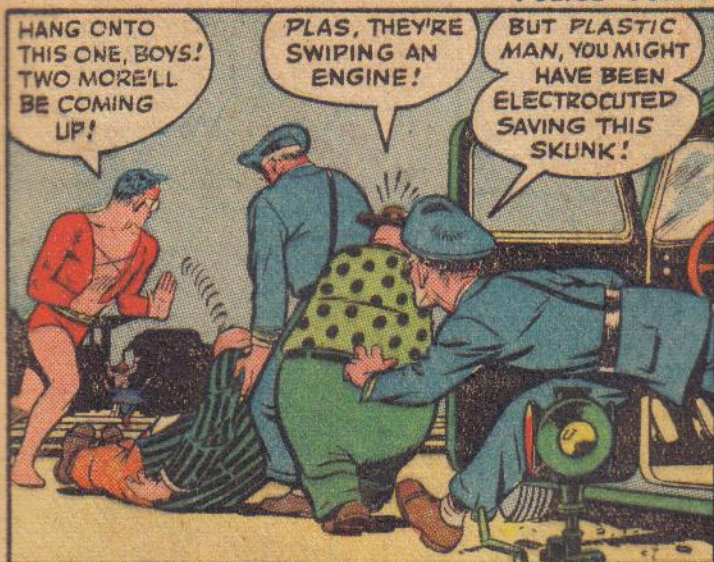
STOP OR WE'LL SHOOT!

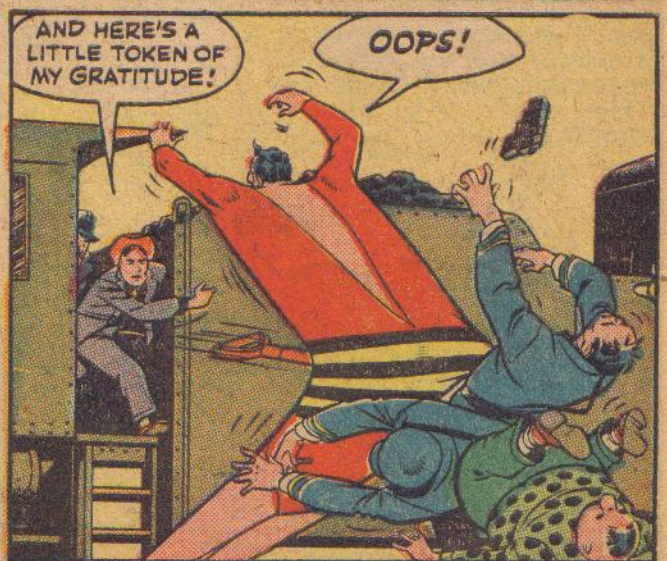
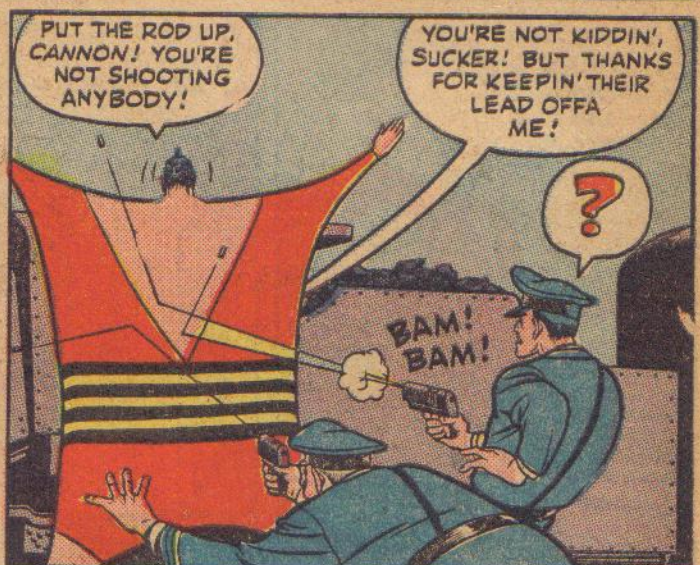


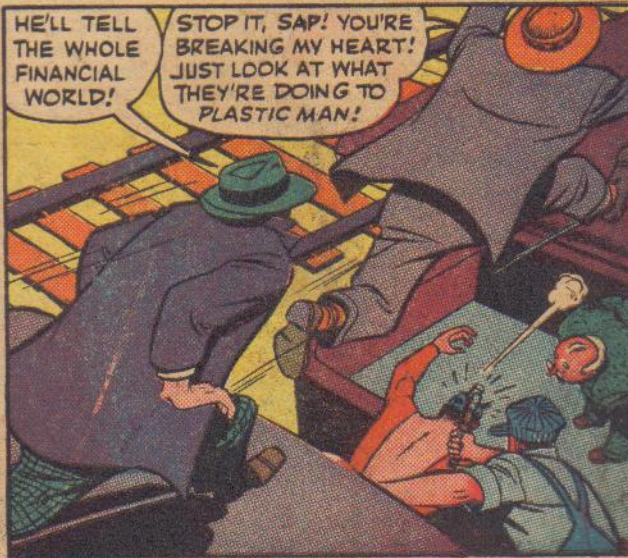
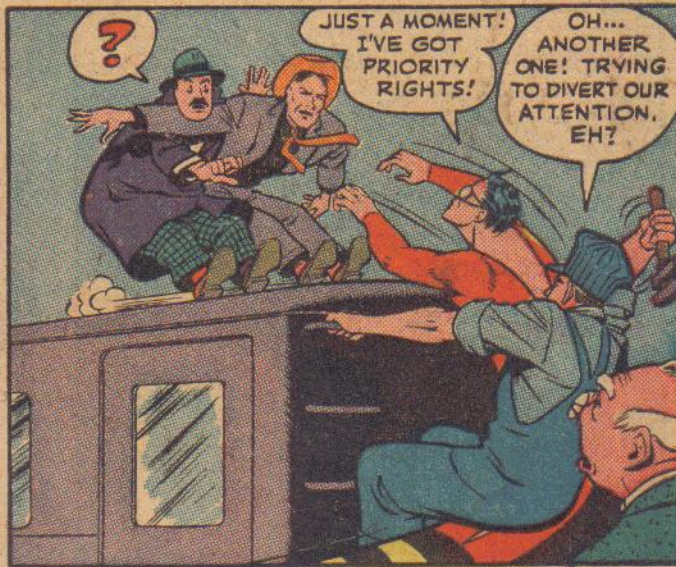
COME BACK HERE AND TELL US ABOUT IT, GENTLEMEN!

SAVED BY PLASTIC MAN, MY GRANDMOTHER! WE'RE SUNK!

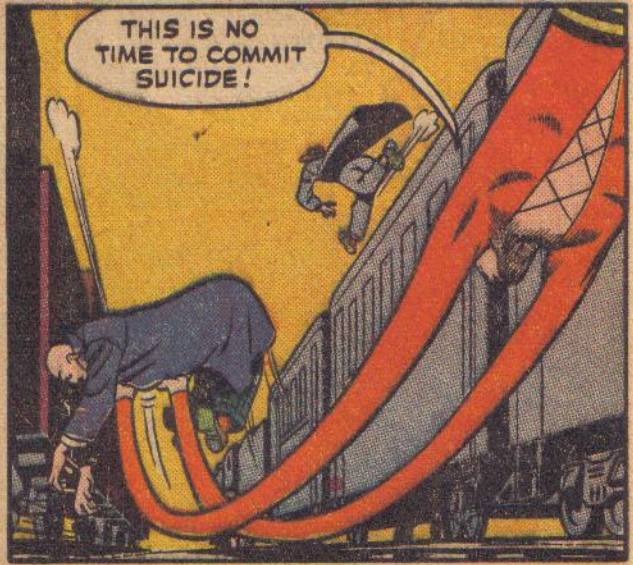
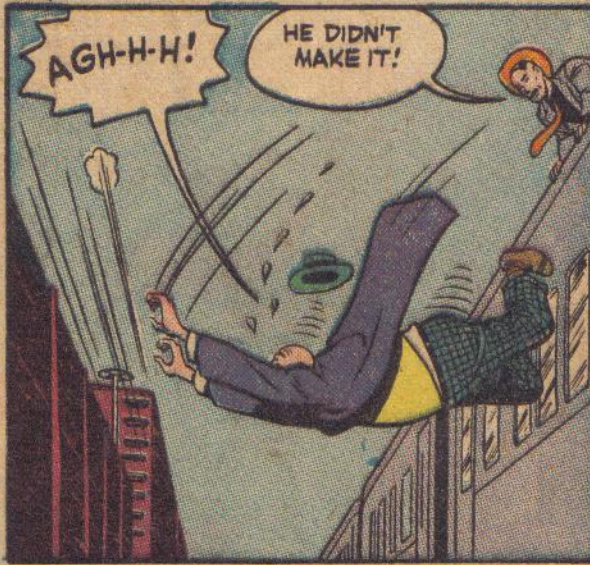
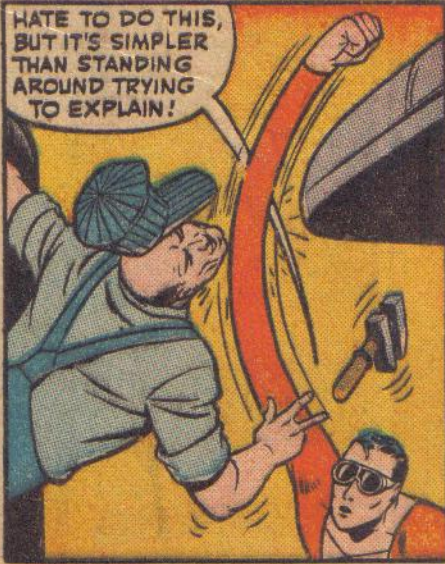


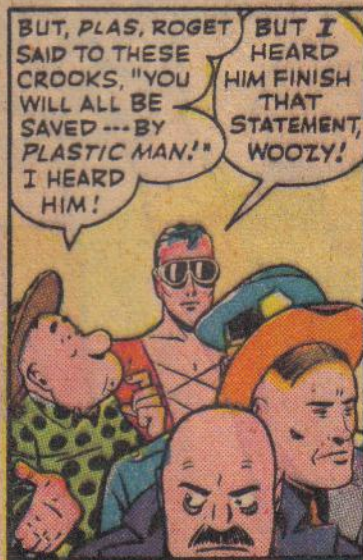
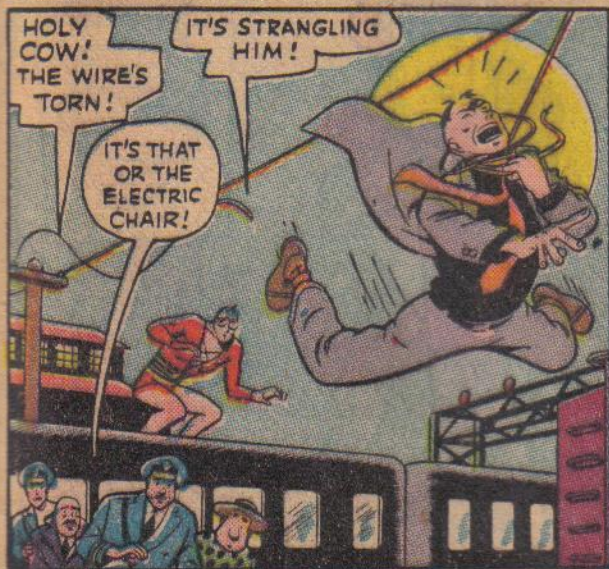
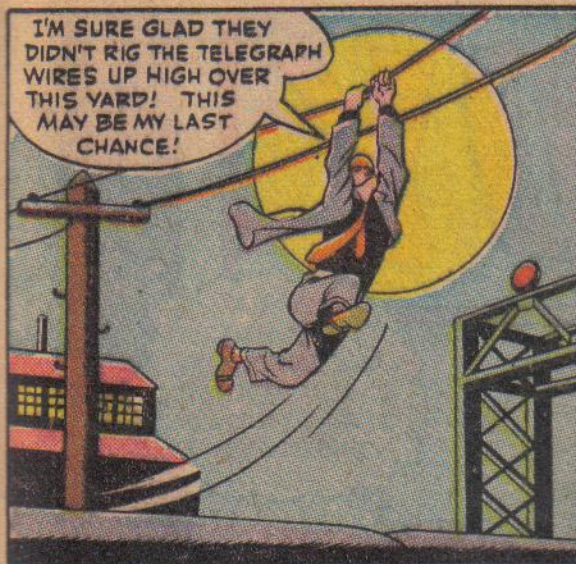






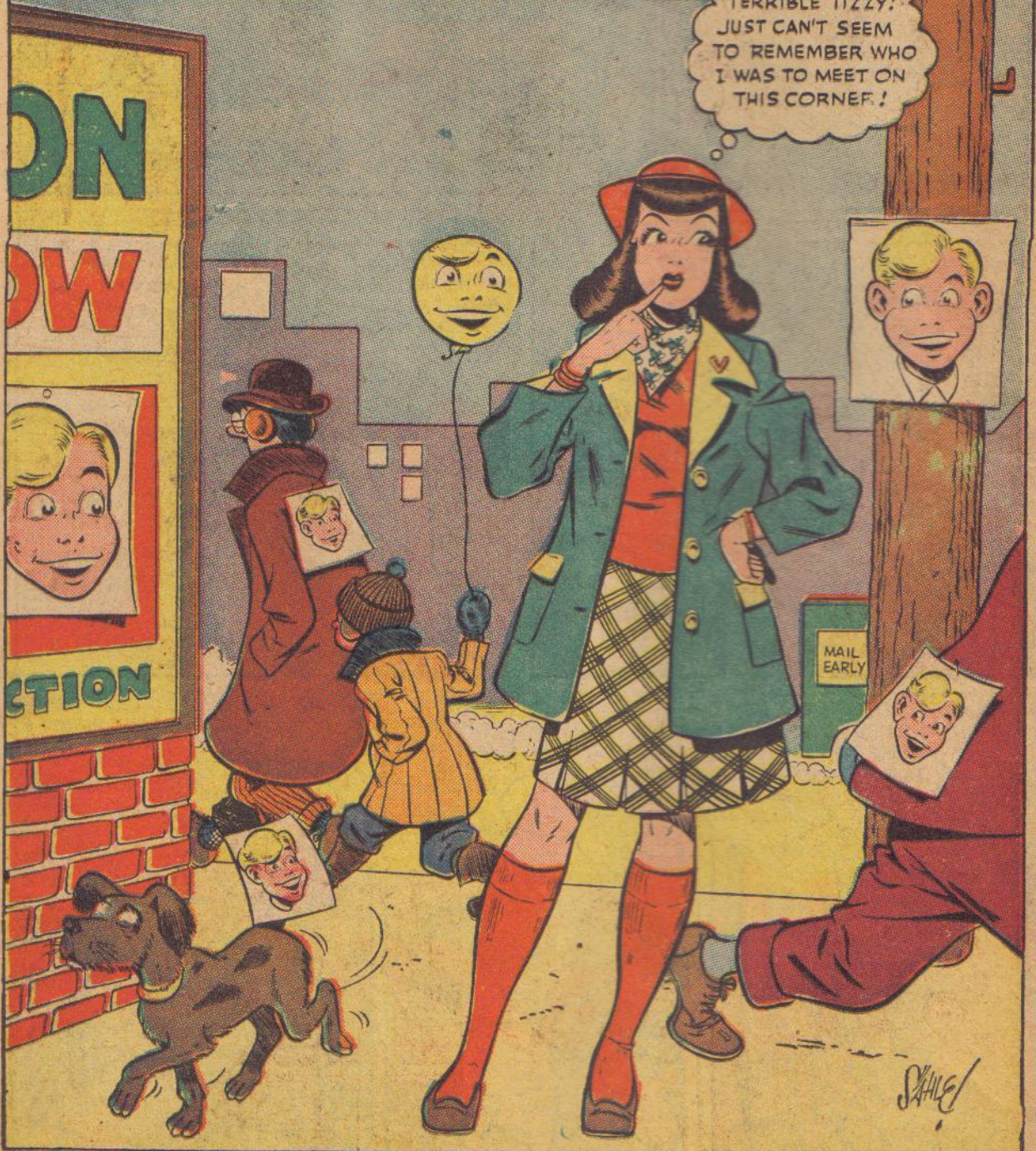
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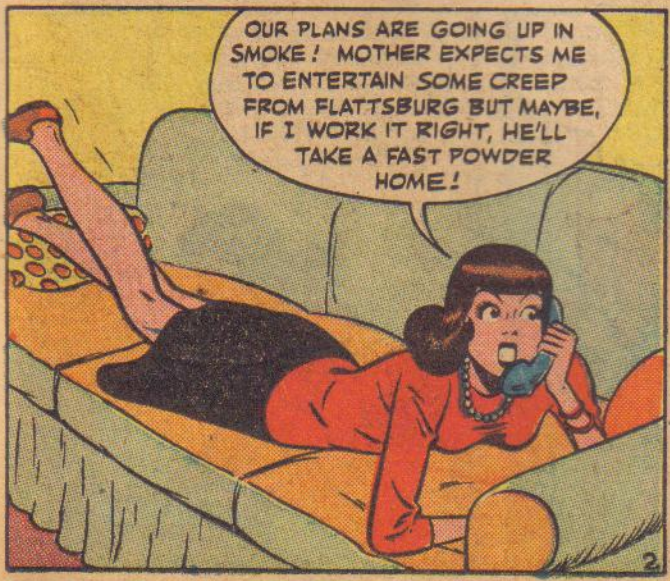
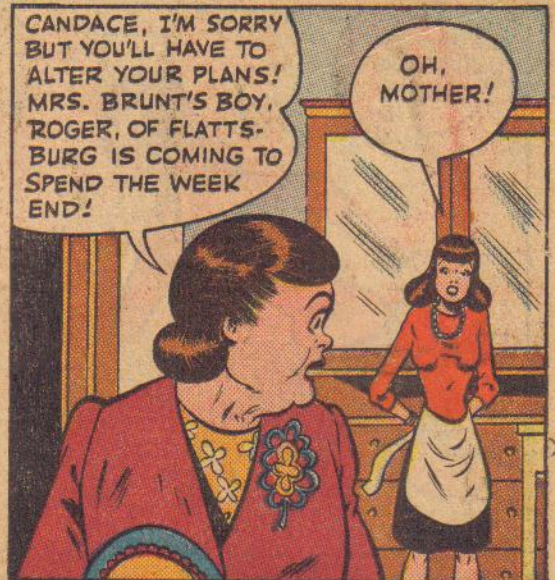


CANDY

I'M IN A
TERRIBLE TIZZY!
JUST CAN'T SEEM
TO REMEMBER WHO
I WAS TO MEET ON
THIS CORNER!



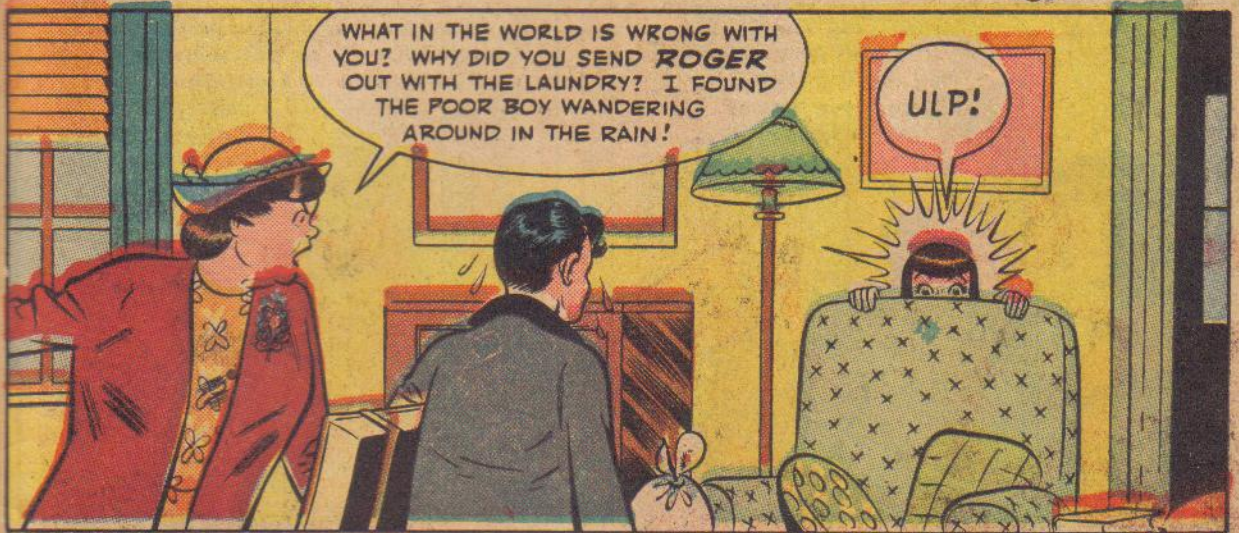
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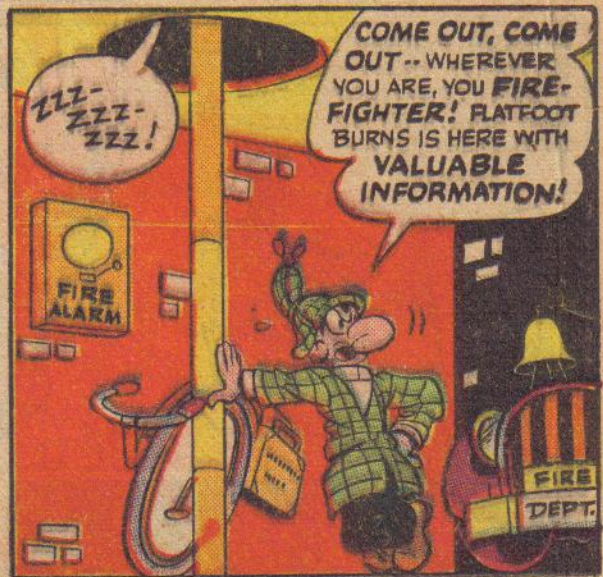
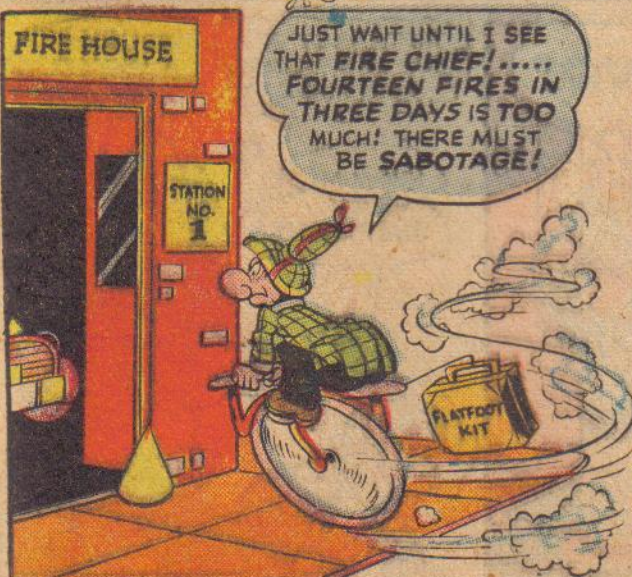
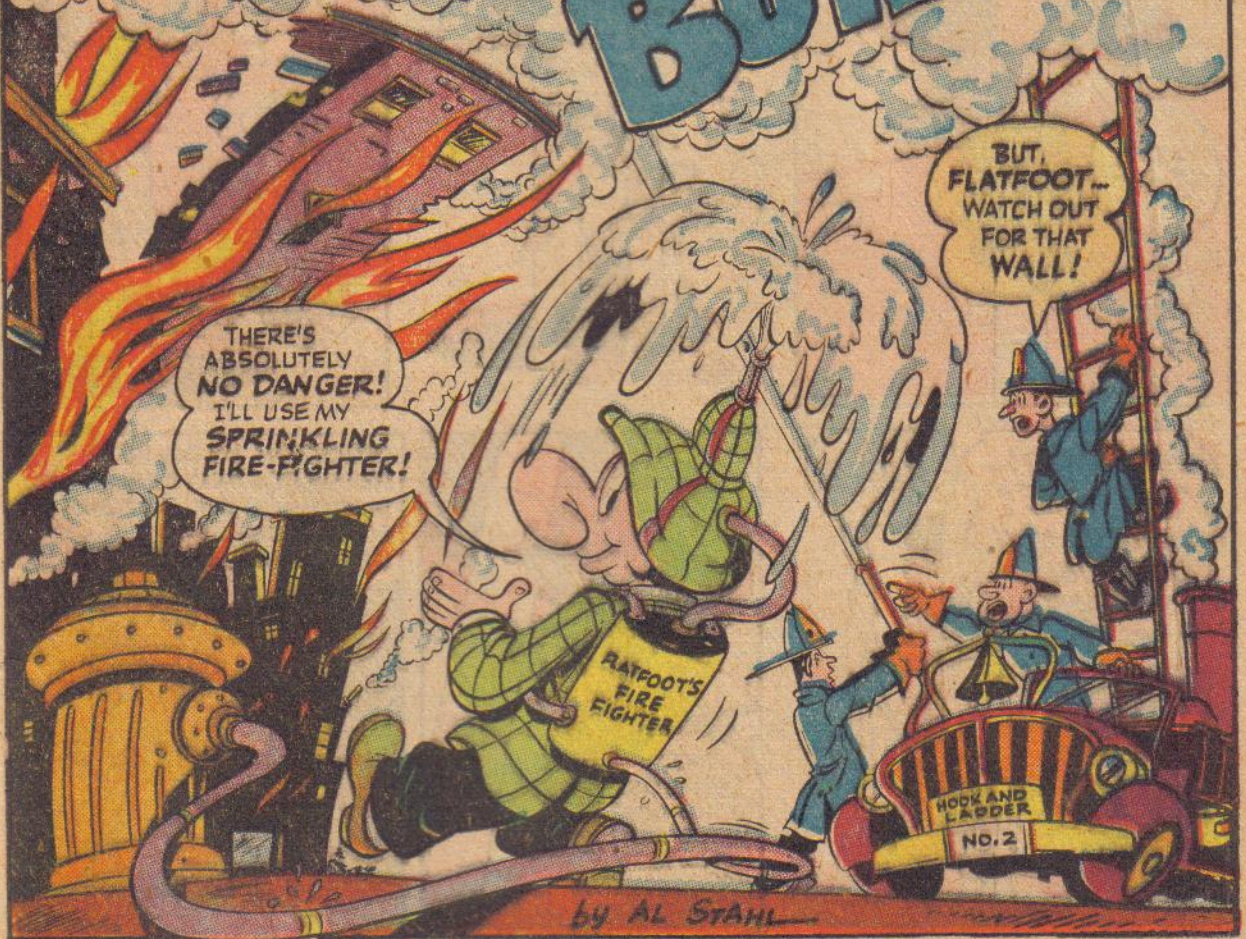




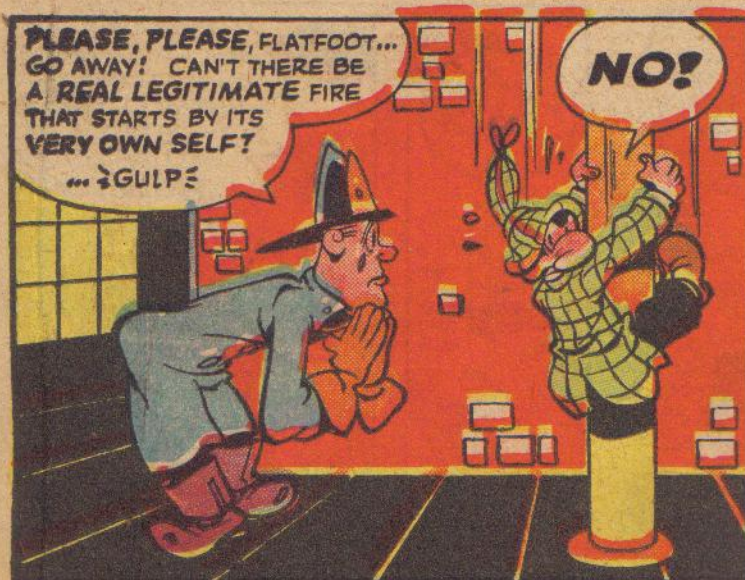
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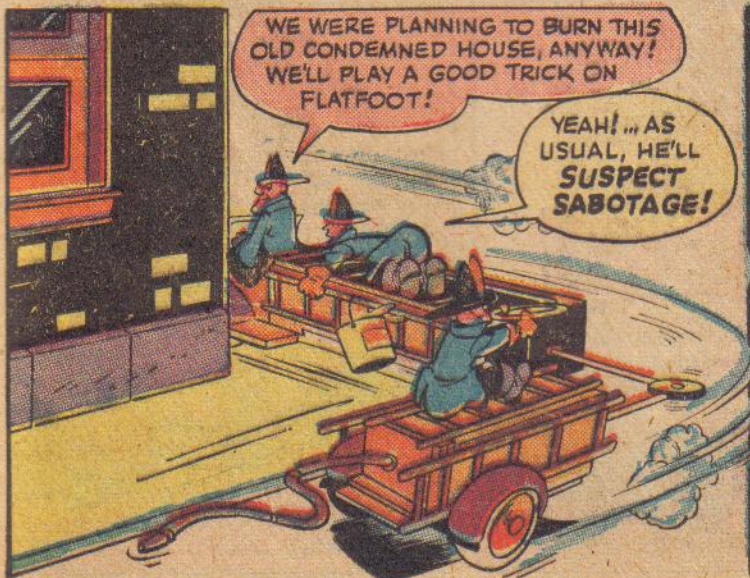
FLATFOOT BURNS

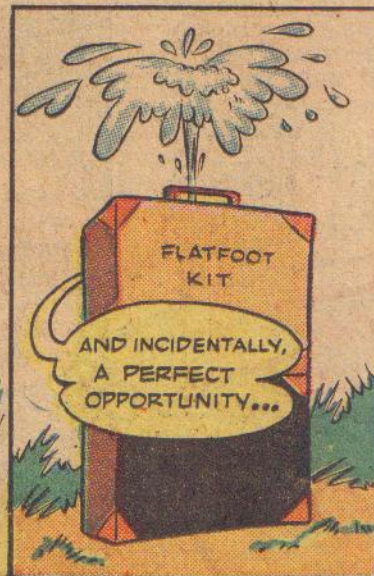
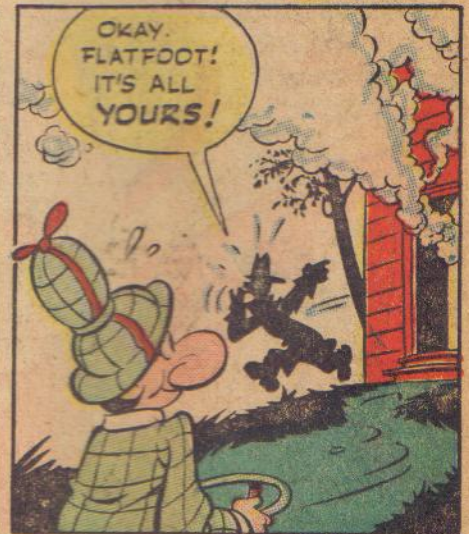
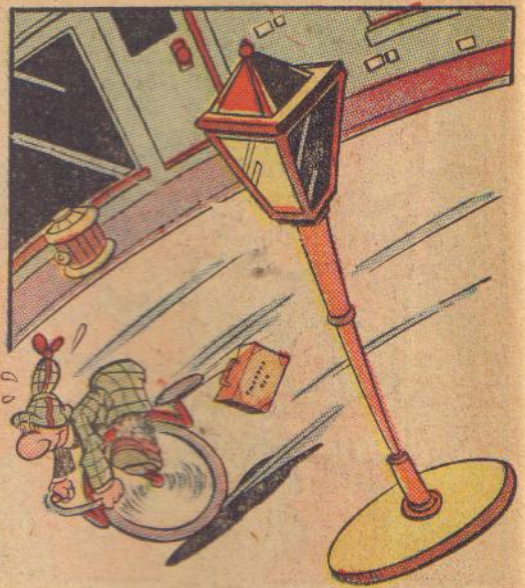
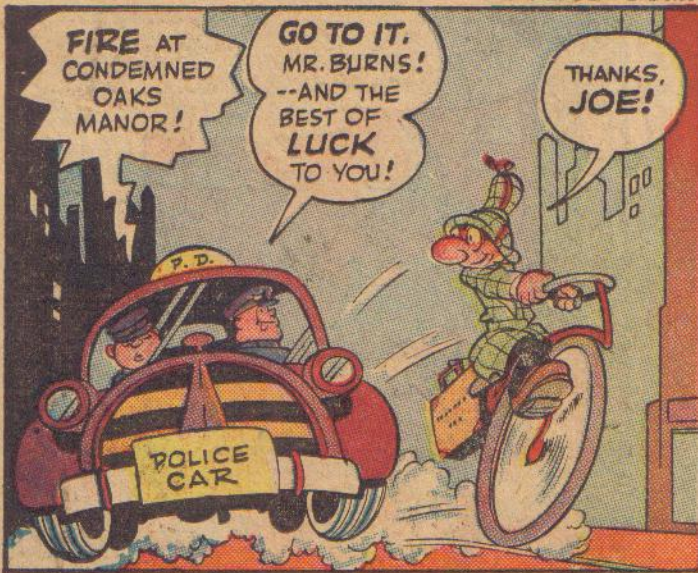


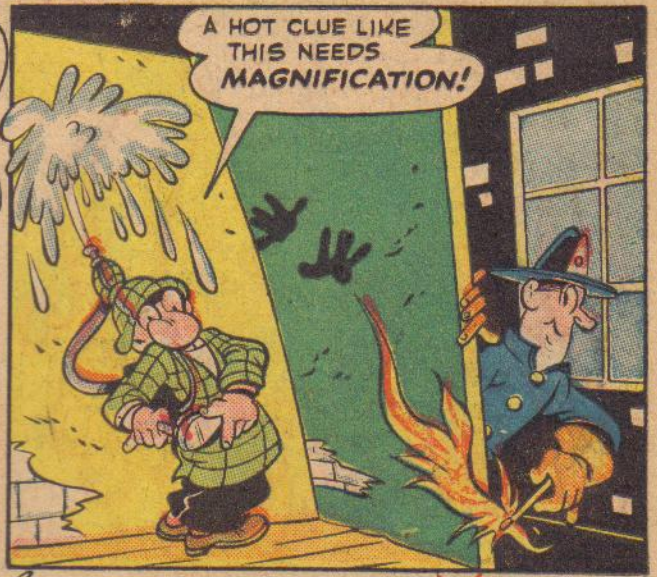
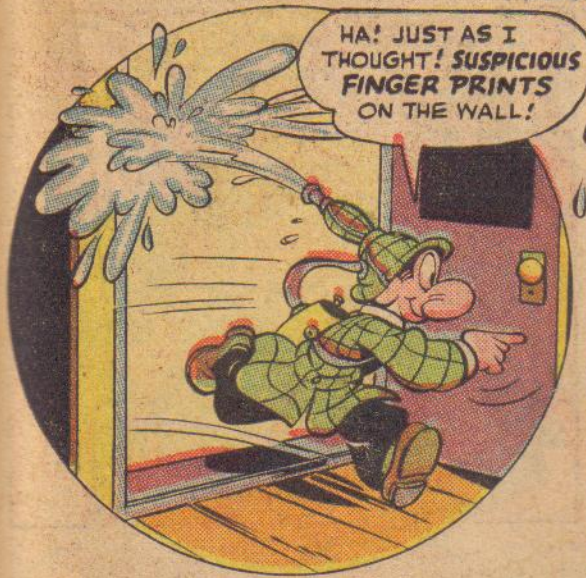
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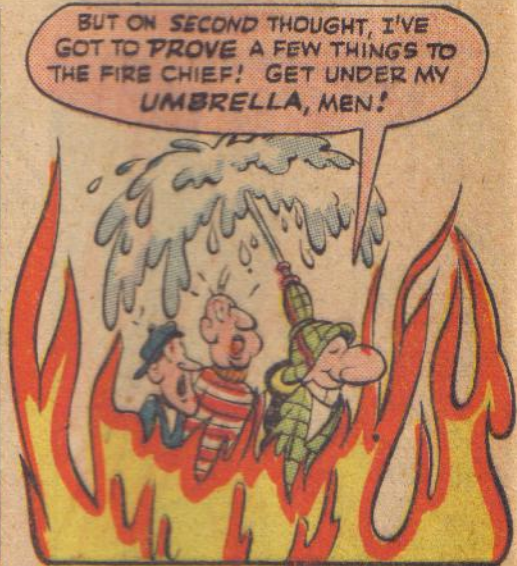
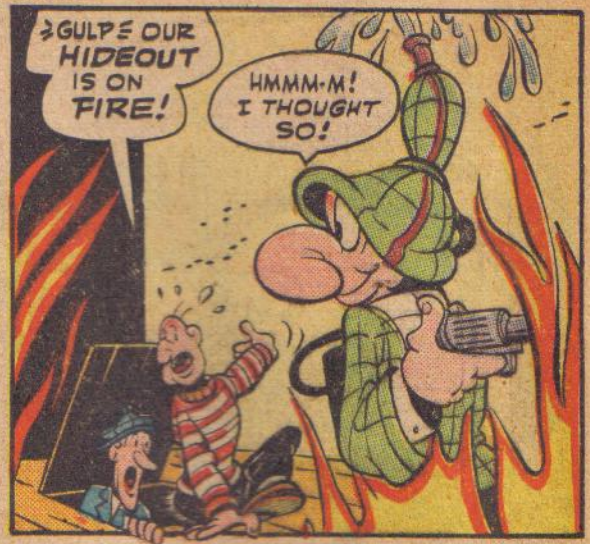
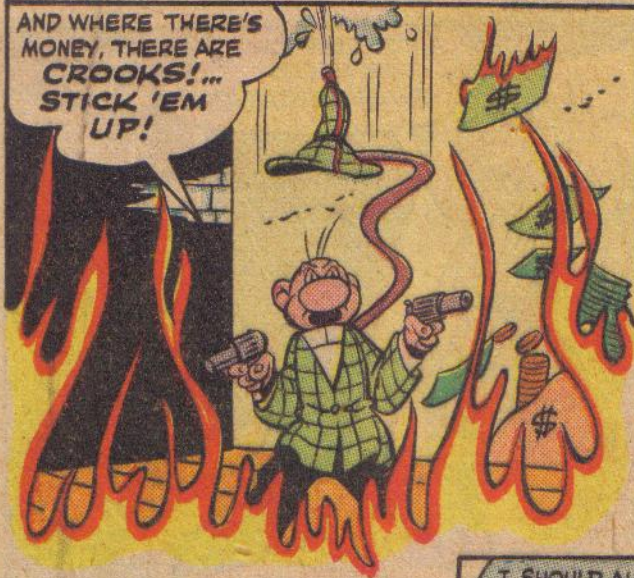


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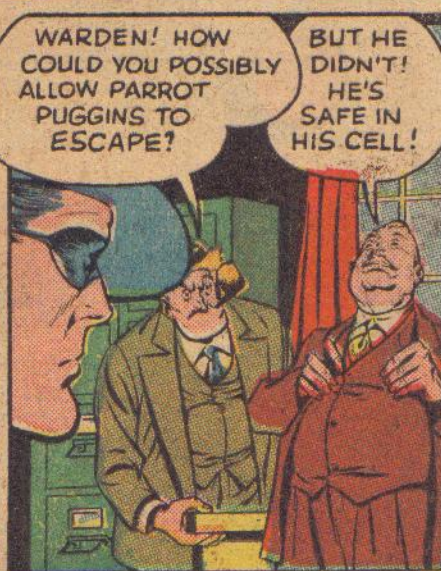
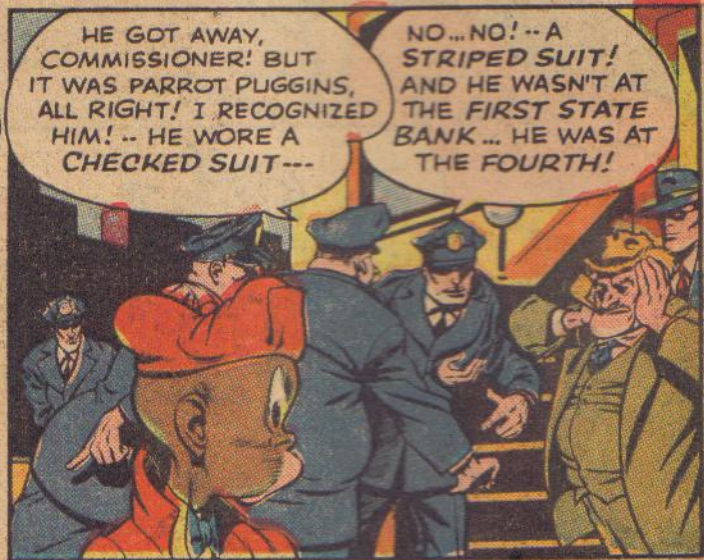








AT THE SAME TIME, ACROSS TOWN...





IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
HOW CAN A MAN BE
IN THREE PLACES
AT ONCE?

HE CAN'T
DOLAN!
BUT LET
ME TALK
TO THE
WARDEN!



PUGGINS HAS BEEN A
MODEL PRISONER, MR. SPIRIT!
HIS SENTENCE ENDS NEXT WEEK,
WITH TIME OFF FOR GOOD
BEHAVIOR! DOES THAT
SEEM STRANGE TO YOU?

NOT SO VERY, WARDEN
--NOT SO VERY!



A TELETYPE CALL
FROM HOLLYWOOD,
COMMISSIONER!...
THEY WANT US TO
HELP TRACE FOX
EASTER, THE BIG
MOVIE TECHNICIAN
--KIDNAPPED...

TELL HOLLYWOOD
TO LAY OFF! WE
HAVE OUR OWN
TROUBLES IN
CENTRAL CITY!

WAIT! YOU'VE
HEARD OF
FOX EASTER,
DOLAN?



OH, I SUPPOSE I
HAVE HEARD OF HIM
--SOME MOVIE BIGWIG!
BUT WHERE DOES HE
FIT INTO THIS "TRIPLE
PUGGINS" MYSTERY?

GET A "WHO'S WHO"
AND CHECK UP ON HIM!
I HAVE IMPORTANT
WORK TO DO!



WHY SHOULD
HE CONNECT
THIS FILM
EXECUTIVE
WITH THOSE
ROBBERIES,
EBONY? ...
WHY?

AH DUNNO,
COMMISHNAH,
BUT AH AIMS
TO TAG 'LONG
WIF HIM AN'
FIND OUT!



YOU'VE DONE
WONDERS FOR US,
MR. EASTER!

THEN
WHY DON'T
YOU LET
ME GO?



BECAUSE WE
DON'T WANT YOU
BLABBING TO THE
POLICE!



NOT ME! I DID IT BEFORE, BUT DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS FOR A CRIME!

WE STILL NEED EASTER'S HELP --SO MAKE HIM DO HIS STUFF AGAIN!

JUST CAME FROM SEEING PARROT IN THE PRISON!--TIME FOR ONE MORE OF THOSE JOBS!

WAIT! HERE'S THE MOUTHPIECE! WHAT'S UP?

HE'S NO GOOD TO US, ANY MORE! LET HIM HAVE IT!

I HEARD YOU! BUT THAT STUFF'S UNDER GOVERNMENT CONTROL! WE HAVEN'T HAD ANY ON HAND IN MONTHS!

THAT'S WHAT I SAID --- LATEX! THE RAW JUICE OF THE RUBBER TREE!

LOCK HIM IN THE CELLAR! HE'LL HAVE ALL NIGHT TO THINK IT OVER!

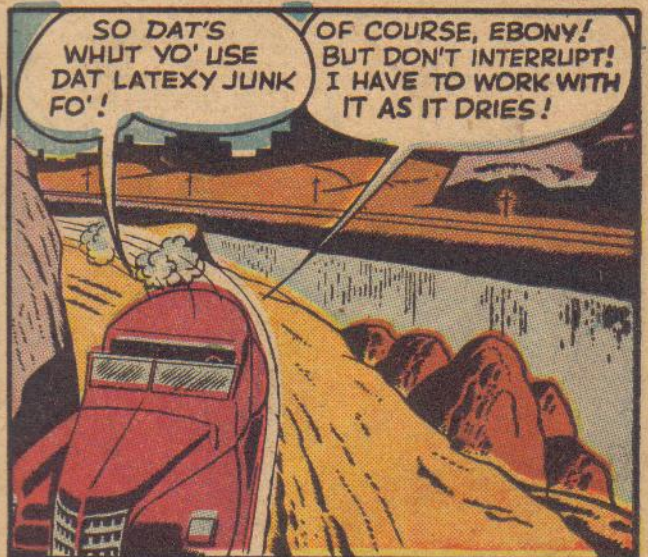
IF I'M TO DIE, GO AHEAD AND KILL ME! -- RIGHT NOW!

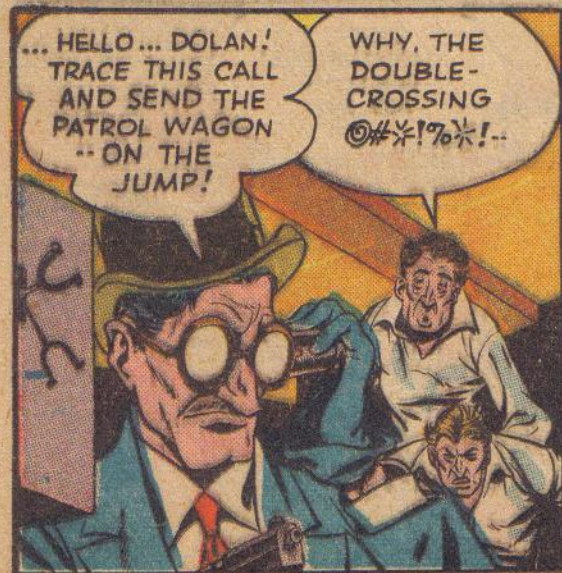
JUST IN TIME!

I NEED IT-- AHM-- IN A VERY UNUSUAL LEGAL ACTION!

THIS IS THE SECOND BATCH OF LATEX WE'VE SOLD YOU IN A WEEK, ATTORNEY BEEKMAN! WE COULDN'T DO IT FOR ANYBODY ELSE, YOU KNOW!

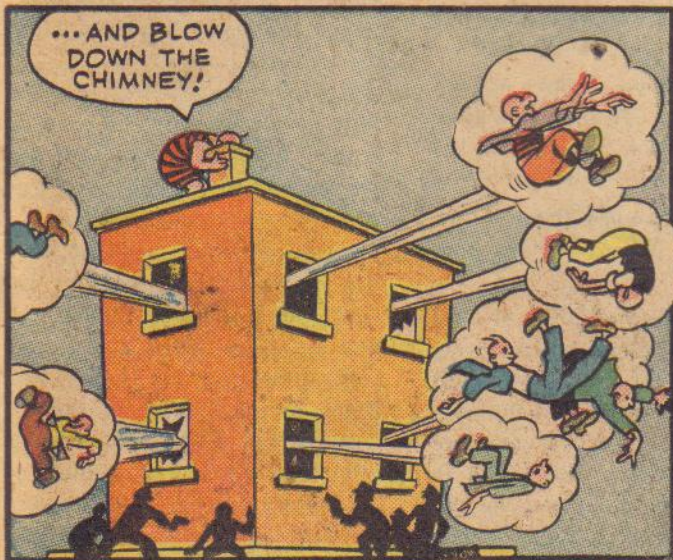
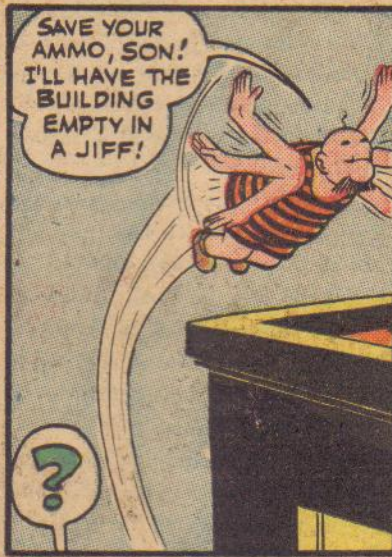
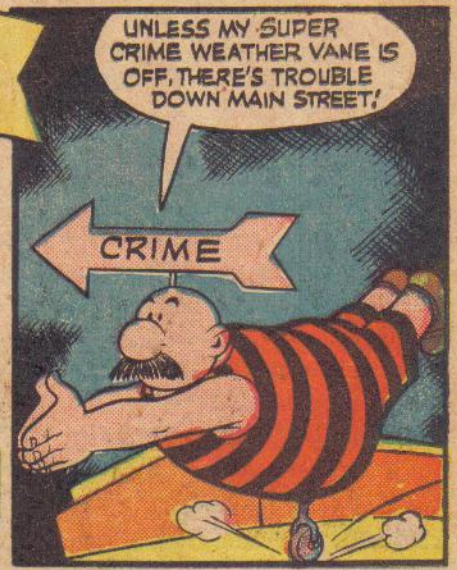
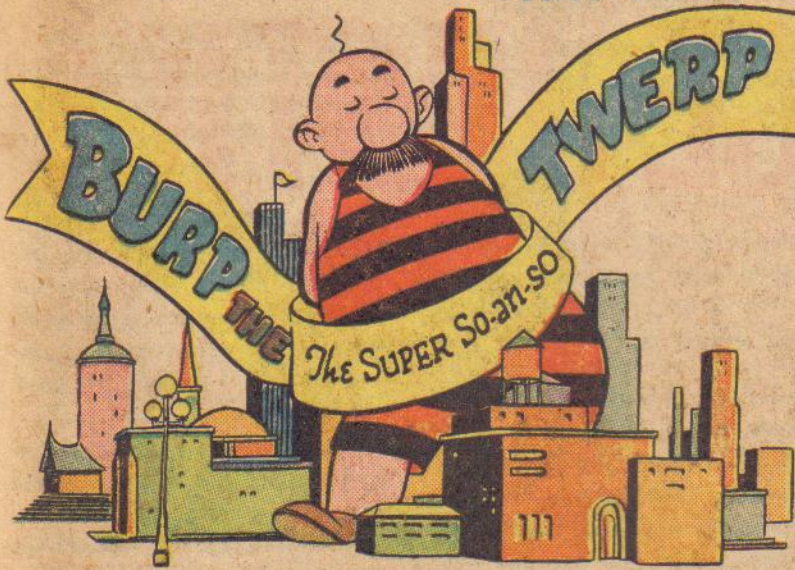
ONLY PLACE YOU CAN GET IT IN TOWN IS THE LOCKADAY LABORATORIES! AND YOU'LL HAVE TO BE A "BIG SHOT" TO GET IT!











STRANGE JUSTICE

THIS happening occurred some time before the Japs took Manila. Dick Mace told me the tale not long ago, as we were returning from the Islands on a destroyer of the U. S. Navy.

It was a still night at sea. A great moon made a broad silvery roadway from the horizon, stirred constantly by a faint ripple. There was no wind. The big engines in the belly of the boat rumbled softly, as if muted. It fitted in with the night.

Mace leaned over the rail, watching a school of phosphorescent fishes play in the easy roll of water.

"Reminds me of another night, several miles out of Manila," he said suddenly. "Only it was jungle, not ocean, and the night wasn't so quiet."

I sensed a story. I've heard many of them told by Dick Mace. That lad has been through a whole lot of experiences that should've turned his hair white. But they didn't. I said, "Shoot, Dick. Sounds like it might be a typical thriller."

"It's not fiction, pal," he said.

"Not **this** one. It's about a guy named Rigby, who murdered an old Chinese. Tsi Kwan was his name. He was a shy old chap, not caring to mingle with people more than necessary. He dealt in ivory and pearls. Made a pile of money, too."

I waited. Dick has a way of setting the scene just right.

"This Rigby was a renegade. No one knew much about him. Had a small lugger that he shoved over the seas between the various

islands, picking up a measly living in copra and—other things."

We sat down in our deck chairs and lighted up.

Tsi Kwan owned a little shop down on the waterfront where he lived and sold ivory and jade trinkets in the front show room. Once in a while some old sailing friend would pop into his shop with a pearl or two which he'd sell Tsi Kwan. The old Chinaman always paid top dollar, and he was as honest as the day is long.

I don't think he had an enemy in the Islands.

It was a May evening that the tragedy occurred. I had just left old Tsi Kwan's shop and driven to my office in the Times Building. I sat a few minutes at my desk, mulling over events, wondering if there would be a breeze blowing when I arrived home.

I didn't get home that night. As I was about to leave the office, the phone rang. I lifted the receiver. An excited Filipino voice crackled in my ear. It was Rubio, the boy who worked for Tsi Kwan.

"Come quick. Senor Mace!" cried the lad. "A very bad thing it has happened. Senor Kwan has been murdered!"

I nearly dropped the receiver. "Murdered! When? What's happened, Rubio?"

Rubio explained that he had come into the shop just at closing time. It was Tsi Kwan's custom to shut up shop himself each evening. The old Chinaman was nowhere about, and Rubio had called to him. Receiving no answer, he had rushed to the back room. There, lying in a pool of his own blood,

was Tsi Kwan. His throat had been cut. Rubio made sure that the little leather pouch Kwan always carried was not on the body.

"Robbed!" I gasped. "My gosh, but by whom?"

"I can't imagine. Senor Mace," half sobbed the Filipino. "Will you come please?"

"Right away," I said, and hung up.

It didn't take long to reach Tsi Kwan's shop. Quite a crowd was gathered around it. There were angry mutterings. Tsi Kwan had been loved by everybody. I set to work trying to make something of the crime. My friend, Arturo Gomez, chief of detectives on the Manila police force, was already at work.

Of fingerprints there were none. Nor was there any clue as to the murderer's identity. Naturally.

Two weeks passed, while the police searched everything, everywhere. But they found nothing. The thing looked like one of those unsolved crimes. Rubio was questioned, but soon released. He loved the old man.

Rigby's schooner slid into the little harbor and dropped anchor. I didn't know Rigby too well, yet I never trusted the fellow. He was a sly cove. I began to wonder but how the devil could he have had anything to do with it? He dealt with Tsi Kwan, and that was that. So did a lot of others.

Nevertheless, the police had Rigby in for a full hour's questioning. The fellow had a good alibi, and there was nothing to do but let him go. I didn't feel too well about this. Somehow that chap knew something!

POLICE COMICS

Fernandez, the world famous traveling circus, came to town one day soon afterward. Fernandez is known throughout the Orient. He has run a circus in every country of the Pacific for years. Hauls the thing on a large ship. Stays a week or two, then pulls out to the next place. Whenever he arrives, business takes a sudden dip. People love circuses, no matter where they live.

I knew Fernandez. And he knew practically everyone in all the islands. Yes, he was acquainted with Rigby. Knew him as a sort of blustering, bully type who traded, not always on the up and up, among the various native tribes. Spoke their dialects well. Not to be trusted at all.

"You think—" he began.

"I'm not thinking, Juan," I told the circus man. "I just have a hunch, that's all. Nothing to go on."

The circus set up on one of the principal corners in Manila, and the whole town was at the opening. It made no difference that they had seen the same show the year before. Of course, Fernandez always had an innovation or two.

The show ran a full week. On the closing night one of those events occurred that so often change joy into tragedy and sorrow. A fire broke out in one of the tents. There was a fair wind. The flames swept through the show grounds, igniting several tents. They burned like tinder.

There was only one thing to do, let the animals loose, with a cord-on of police around the show grounds with rifles. The poor beasts couldn't be left trapped to die in the fire.

The bigger animals rushed forth, and rifles began barking. It was a terrible slaughter. In the melee it was impossible to keep any kind of order. So it was a couple of hours before they dis-

covered Fernandez' cashier with his throat slit and all the money gone.

So robbery had again struck! It so happened that Rigby's schooner was anchored in the harbor. But that fact meant nothing. There was no suspicion attached to him.

Fernandez' losses totaled several thousand dollars. The cashier died. The police were again in a turmoil.

I hurried down to the schooner and went aboard. Rigby was not there, just the tough looking crew. I hurried back to town, wondering. Rigby had told me that he was sailing the following morning. I asked to have a couple of plain-clothesmen put on his trail.

But Rigby didn't show up that night. Nor the next day.

I was beating out some routine copy in my office when the phone rang and again Rubio was spouting rapid Spanish. He had found Rigby, not far from Tsi Kwan's shop. His body lay in a clump of tall bamboos.

His body! "What are you talking about, boy?" I shouted. "Is he dead?"

"Oh, si," said Rubio. "You will

come quick?"

Rigby's body lay where Rubio had stated. He had been choked, evidently. The police came then. There were no marks on Rigby's neck, but his entire body looked as if it had been squeezed by a monstrous pair of hands. His ribs were crushed, even his hip bones.

"A python," said one of the policemen. "Only a python can do that. I've seen one other man who was constricted by the big snake. And there," he pointed toward the bamboos—"is the snake's path."

"But where did the python come from?" I demanded. Then I remembered. Fernandez had lost two of the mighty reptiles during the fire. They had escaped unobserved by the police.

But what interested us all most was the fact that a heavy money belt around Rigby's middle disclosed Fernandez' money.

Rubio made the other discovery. Tied around the dead man's neck was the leather pouch once carried by the late Tsi Kwan. It was filled with beautiful pearls, worth a fortune.

Well, that was the end of a vile renegade. It took a reptile to bring him to justice.

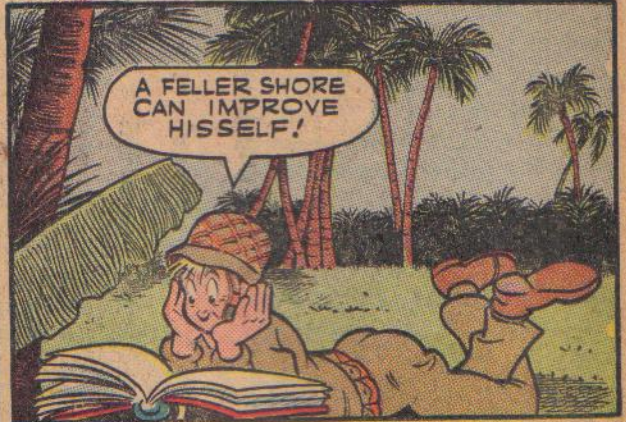
You'll be reading
POLICE COMICS

LONG AFTER YOU FINISH ANY
OTHER COMIC MAGAZINE BECAUSE
IT HAS 56 INSIDE PAGES
and still sells for only

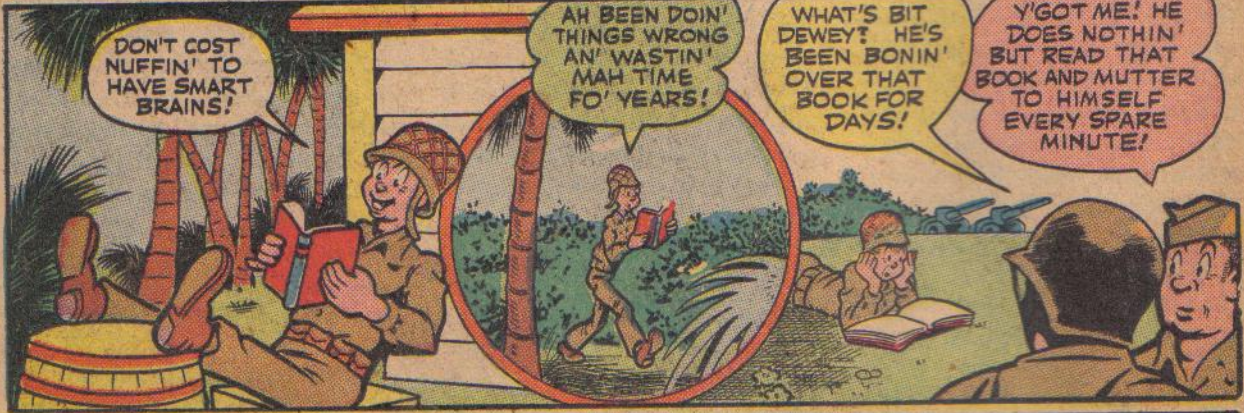
10¢
COMPARE IT TODAY!

Dewey Drip

THESE YERE BOOKS THE CIVIL-Y-YENS SENDS US IS SWELL!



A FELLER SHORE CAN IMPROVE HISSELF!



DON'T COST NUFFIN' TO HAVE SMART BRAINS!

AH BEEN DOIN' THINGS WRONG AN' WASTIN' MAH TIME FO' YEARS!

WHAT'S BIT DEWEY? HE'S BEEN BONIN' OVER THAT BOOK FOR DAYS!

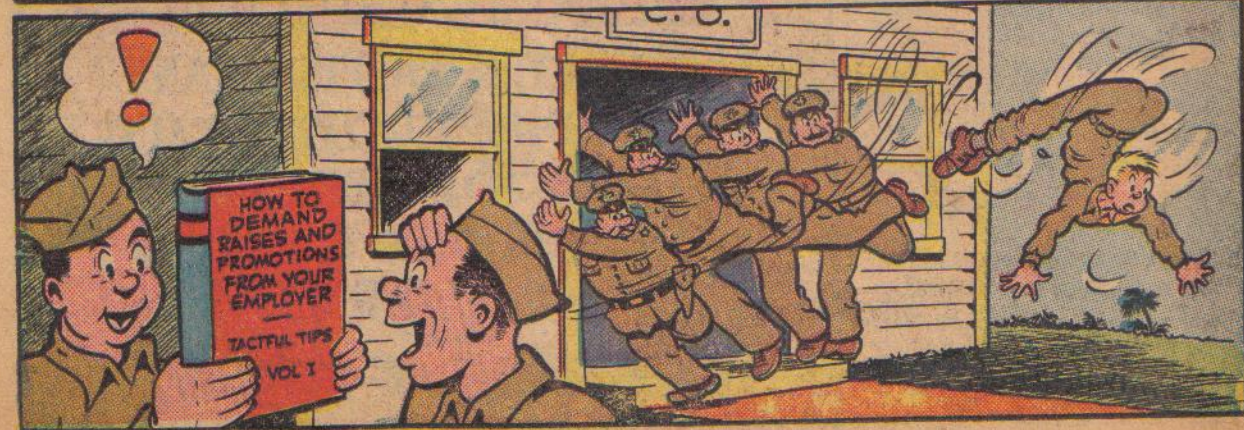
Y'GOT ME! HE DOES NOTHIN' BUT READ THAT BOOK AND MUTTER TO HIMSELF EVERY SPARE MINUTE!



TIME'S A-FRITTERIN'! AH AIN'T WAITIN' ANOTHER SECUNT!



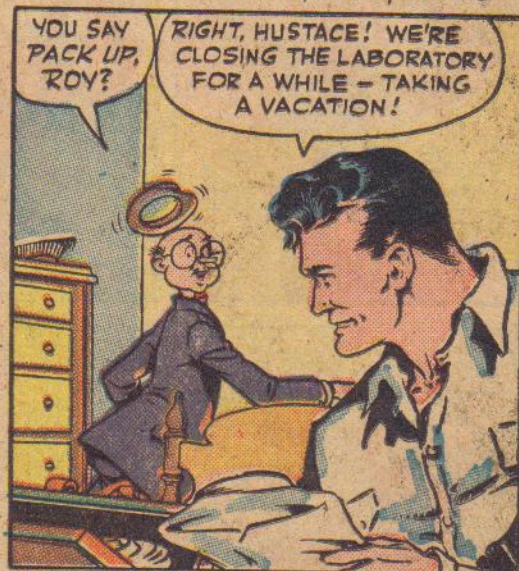
AND, SO, GENNULMEN, AH WANTS MAH ANSWER NOW... AH DEMAN'S IT!



HOW TO DEMAND RAISES AND PROMOTIONS FROM YOUR EMPLOYER - TACTICAL TIPS VOL. I

The Human Bomb

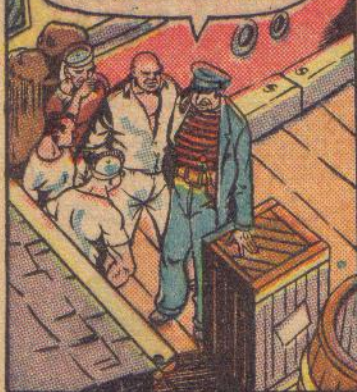
By Paul Gustavson



POLICE COMICS

But Solitary Island is being discussed in two other meetings!

YOU KNOW MY REPUTATION -- CAP'N CLY GETS WHAT HE GOES AFTER, NO MATTER WHO INTERFERES! PIPE THE CREW ABOARD!



I'M BURLY BILLSON, AND YOU BIRDS WILL COME WITH ME TO SOLITARY ISLAND! IF CAPTAIN CLY'S THERE, KILL HIM ON SIGHT!



AHHH! AN ISLAND -- CUT OFF FROM CIVILIZATION'S TROUBLES -- QUIET, SUNNY, SEA-GIRT ---

SO'S ALCATRAZ! WHILE YOU'RE COOKING LUNCH, I'LL TAKE A WALK!

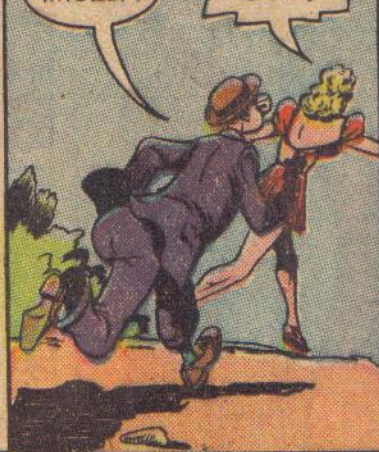


OH-OH! THERE ARE NATIVES HERE --AND WHAT NATIVES!



MAYBE I'LL GO NATIVE MYSELF!

HELP! -- CAPTAIN CLY!



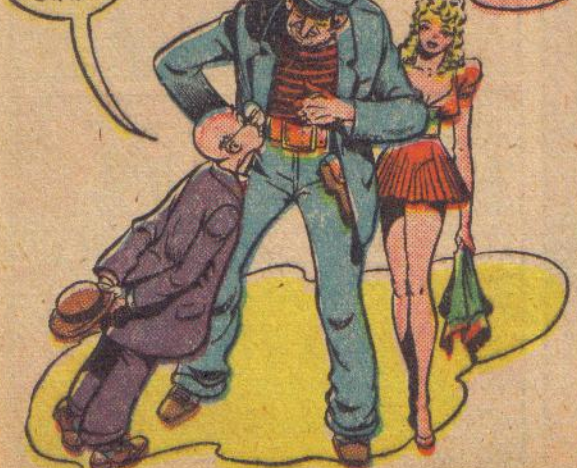
DARLING, THIS BRUTE WAS AFTER ME!

HERE TO GET THE TREASURE, EH?



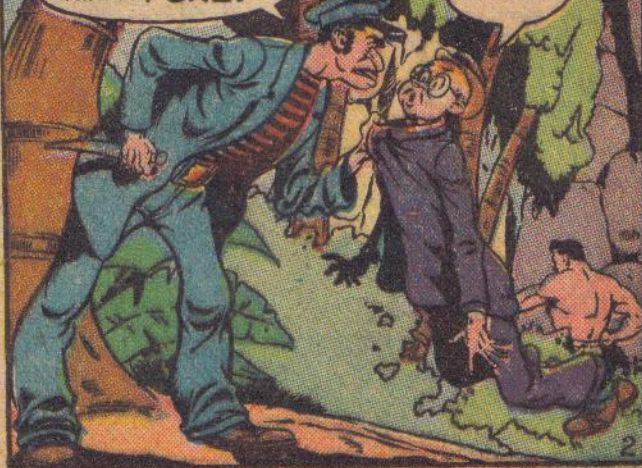
TREASURE? SHE'S ALL OF THAT, SIR!

I MEAN THE BURIED GOLD OF THE PIRATE FUZZYBEARD! I FOUND A CHART SAYING IT WAS HIDDEN UNDER THIS CLIFF!

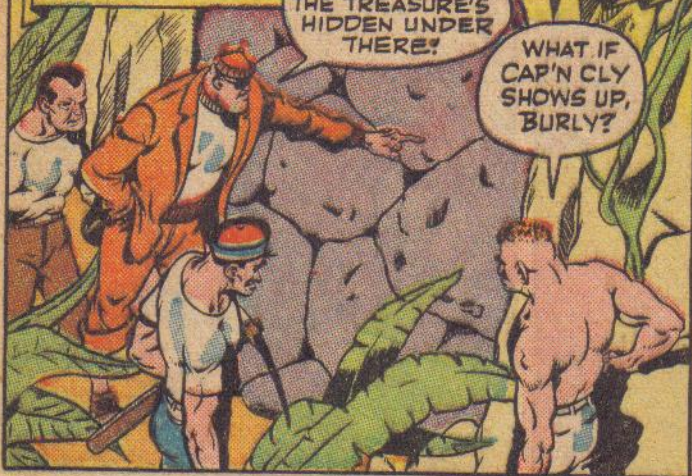


THIS LITTLE MEDDLER CAN HELP US DIG! GIVE HIM A PICK! IF HE LOAFS, GIVE HIM A POKE!

HEY!



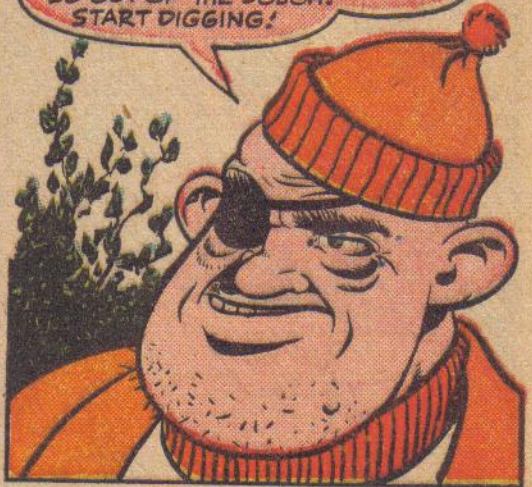
But others have landed on an opposite beach and approach the other side of the cliff---



THE TREASURE'S HIDDEN UNDER THERE!

WHAT IF CAP'N CLY SHOWS UP, BURLY?

I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM OR ANY OTHER SWAB WHO TRIES TO CHEAT US OUT OF THE DOUGH! START DIGGING!



While, the cliff's thickness away---



KEEP DIGGIN', MATE, OR CAP'N CLY MAY SPEED YOU UP WITH A COUPLA KICKS!

KICKS! THAT'S IT! DID I TELL YOU THAT THE HUMAN BOMB FIXED ME SO I HAVE BLAST POWER IN MY FEET!



IF YOU'RE SLOWING UP THE WORK CHUM, I'LL--

NO! LOOK, I'LL OPEN UP THIS CLIFF WITHOUT ANYBODY DOING ANY WORK!



DOES HE REALLY MEAN---

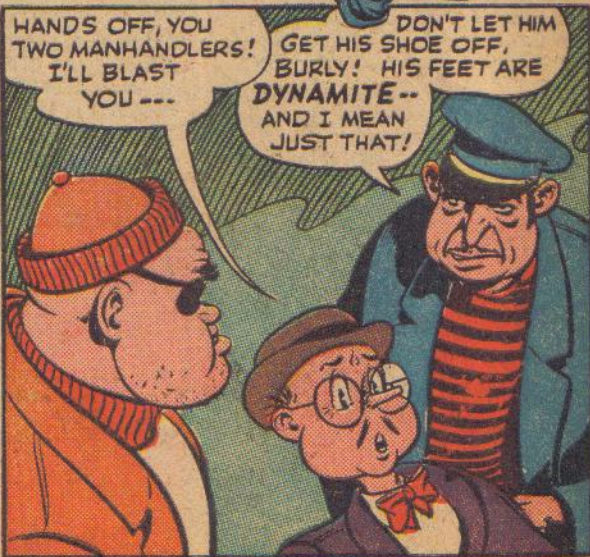
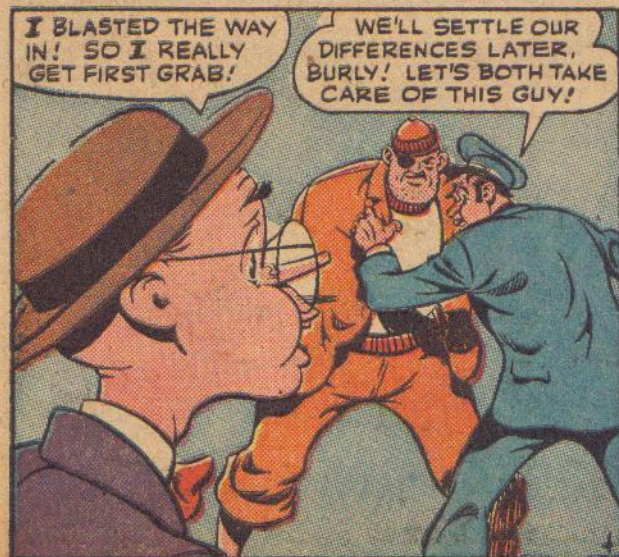
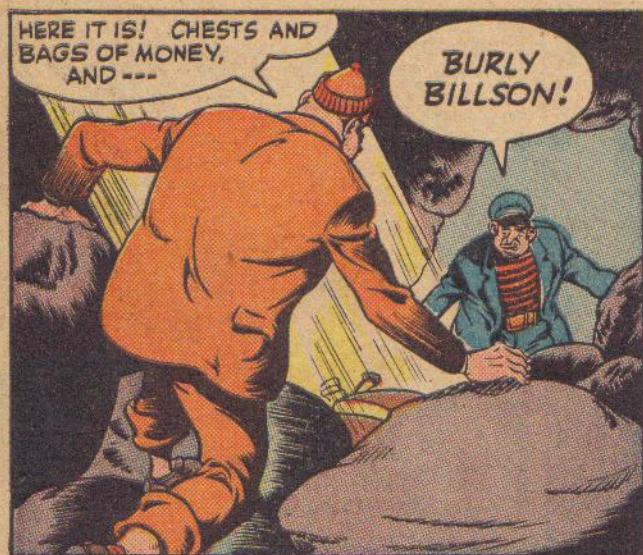
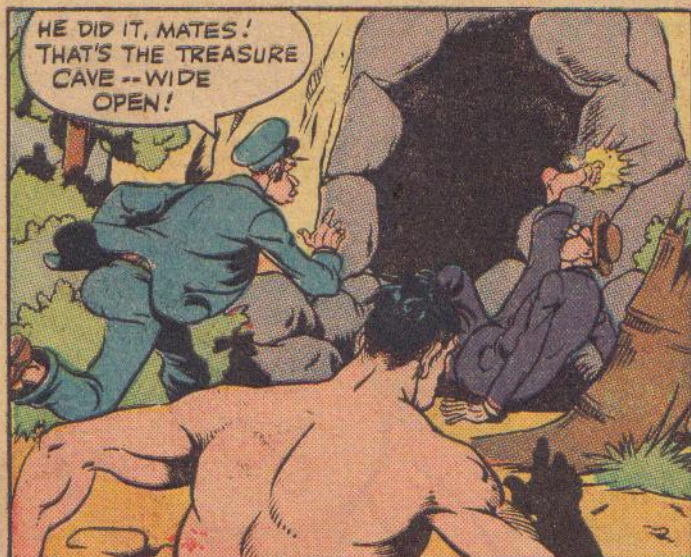
STAND BACK, EVERYBODY! AND WATCH!

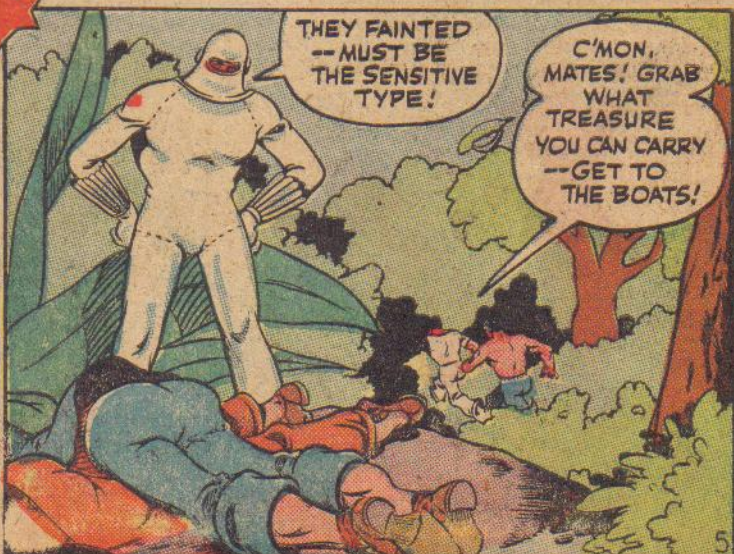
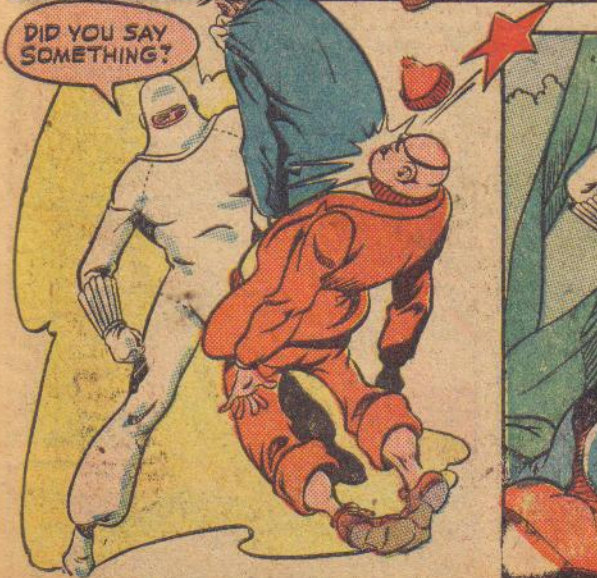
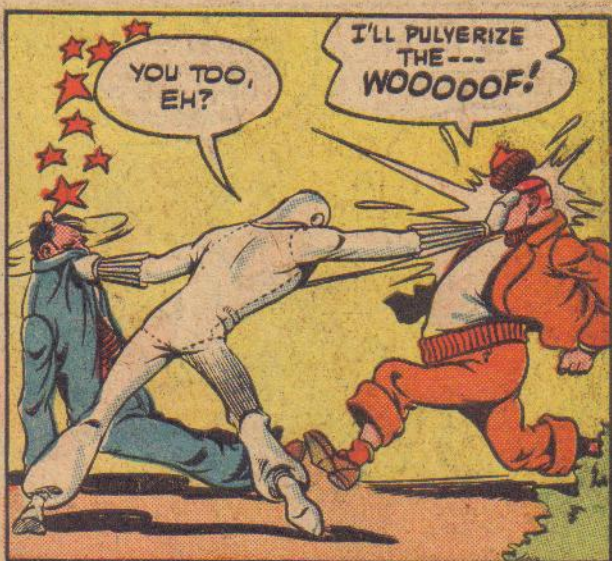
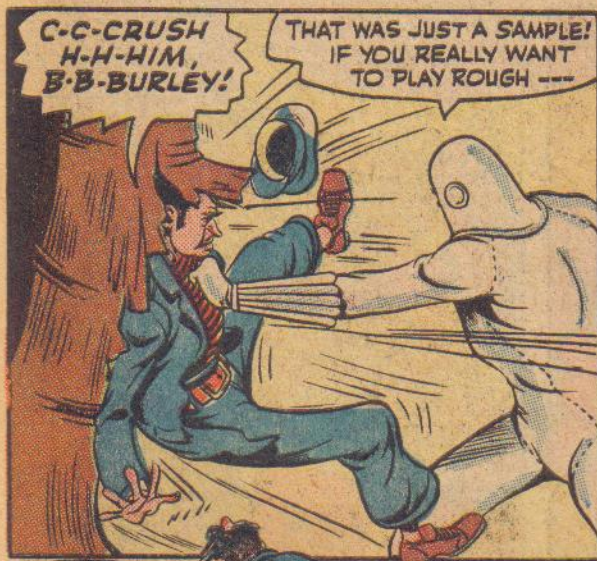
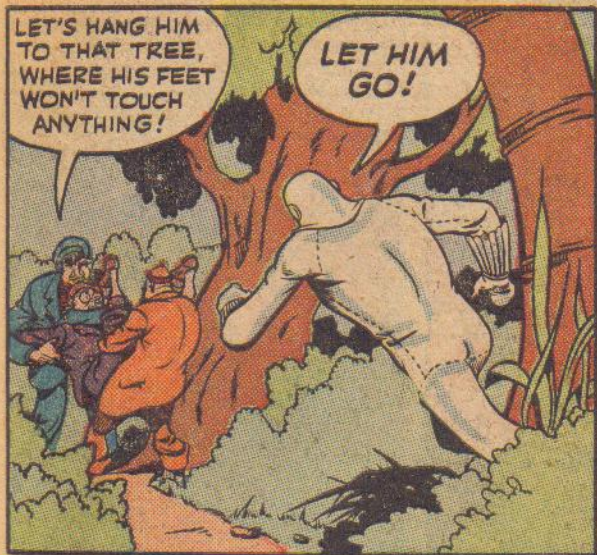
And the blast echoes across the island... COULD THAT BLAST MEAN HUSTACE IS IN TROUBLE? I'LL FIND OUT AS ---



--THE HUMAN BOMB!

POLICE COMICS





POLICE COMICS



I'D BETTER GET TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS CLIFF... AND THE FASTEST WAY IS THROUGH IT!



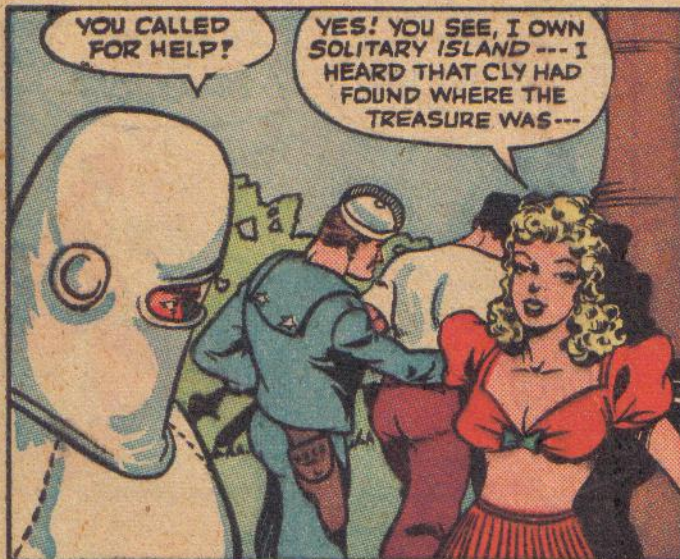
WELL -- AREN'T YOU COMING?

BACK -- THE OTHER WAY, QUICK!



DROP THAT DOUGH, OR I'LL KICK YOU INTO HASH!

HERE'S THE COAST GUARD -- RIGHT ON TIME!



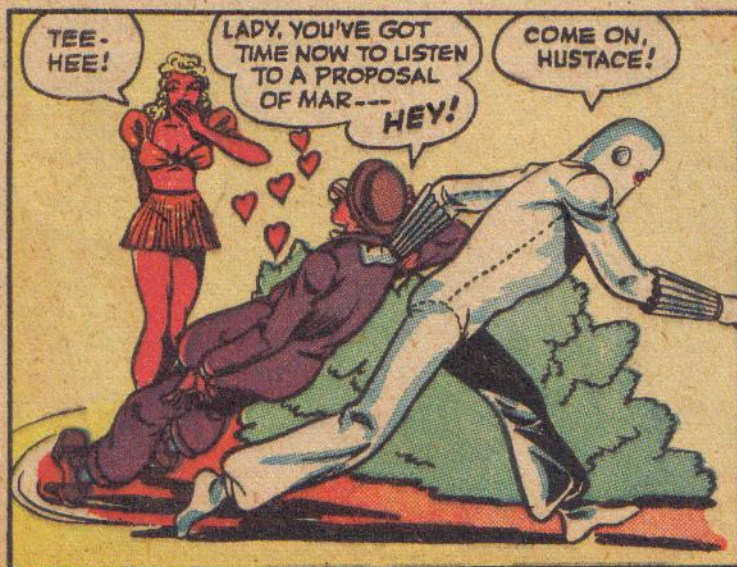
YOU CALLED FOR HELP?

YES! YOU SEE, I OWN SOLITARY ISLAND --- I HEARD THAT CLY HAD FOUND WHERE THE TREASURE WAS---



SO I PERSUADED HIM TO LET ME JOIN HIS CREW! MEANWHILE, THE COAST GUARD FOLLOWED TO ARREST HIM FOR PIRACY!

HMMM! SHE'S YOUNG, BEAUTIFUL --AND NOW SHE'S RICH!



TEE-HEE!

LADY, YOU'VE GOT TIME NOW TO LISTEN TO A PROPOSAL OF MAR---

HEY!

COME ON, HUSTACE!



WHY DID WE HAVE TO LEAVE SO SOON? THINGS WERE JUST GETTING PLEASANT!

I WANT A PEACEFUL VACATION, HUSTACE! LET'S GET BACK TO CIVILIZATION!

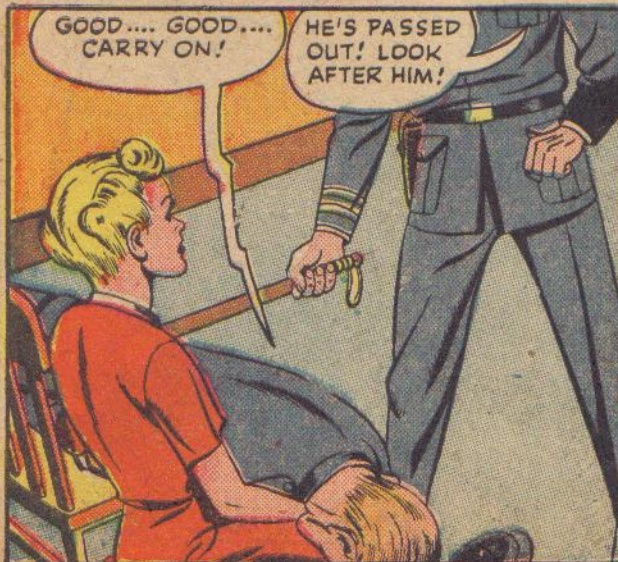
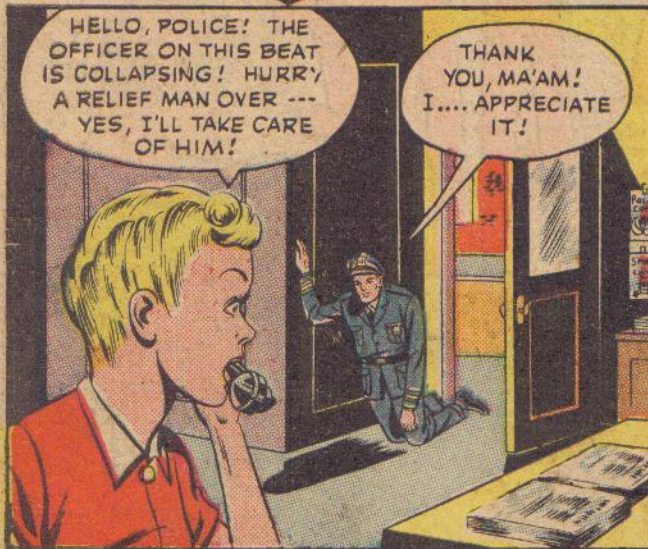
MANHUNTER

Unfair charges, impossible to disprove, threatened Patrolman Dan Richards ... until **MANHUNTER** and **THOR** ripped them to pieces!

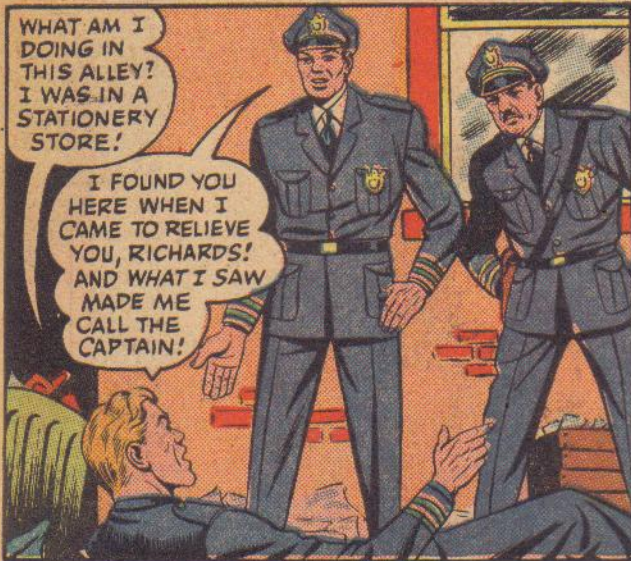


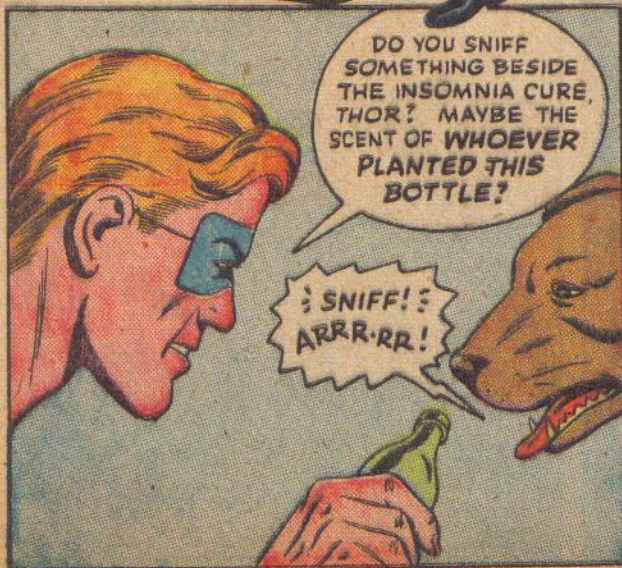
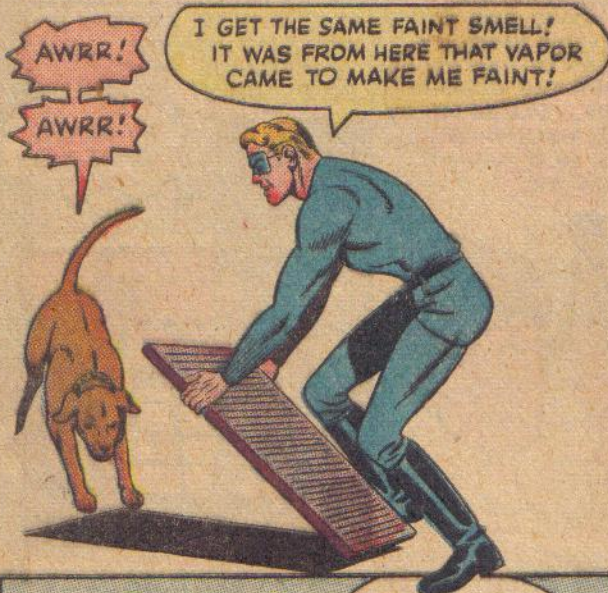
POLICE COMICS

The first day's duty of Officer Dan Richards on a new beat...



POLICE COMICS

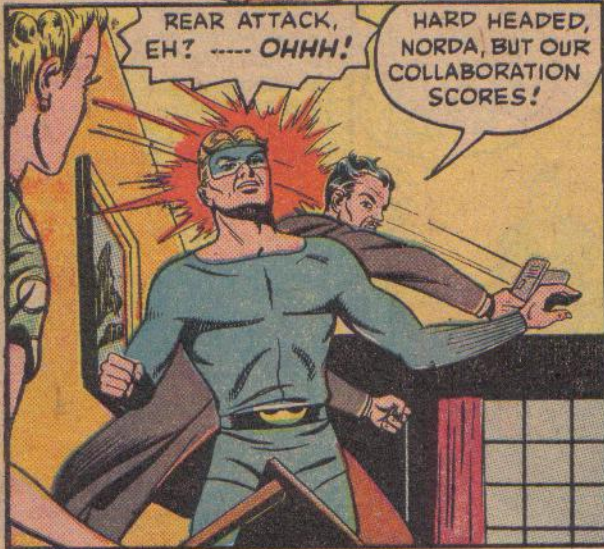
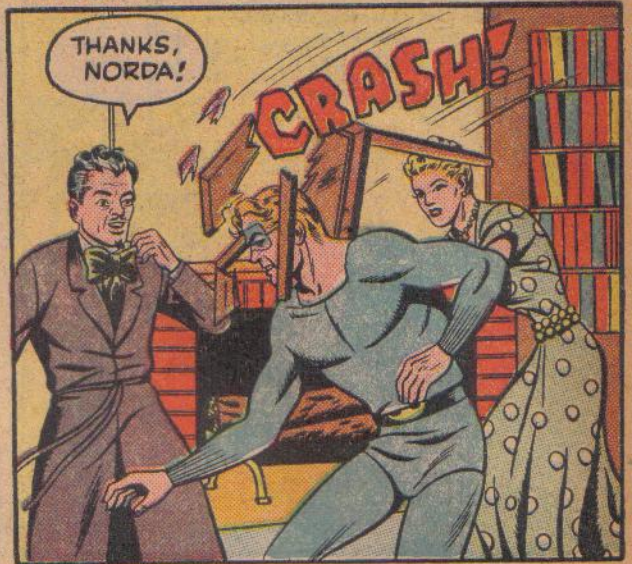


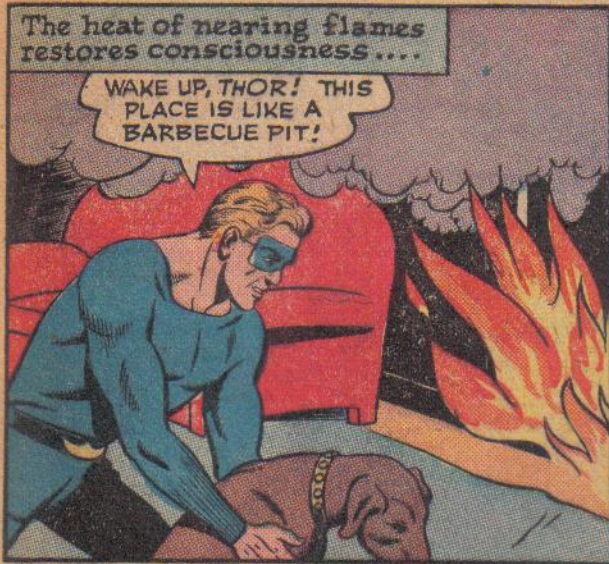


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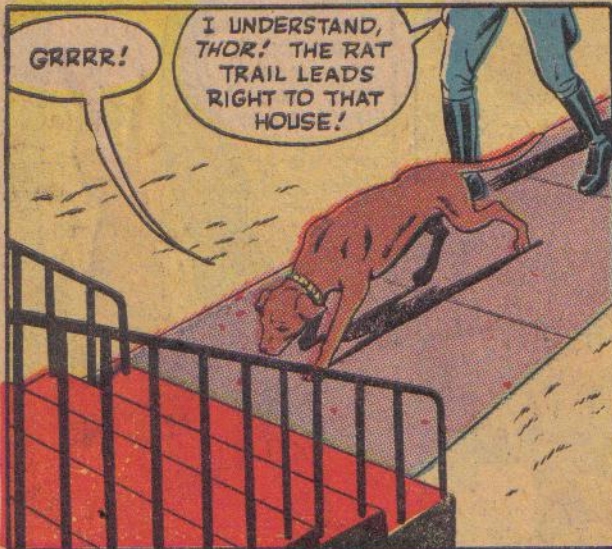
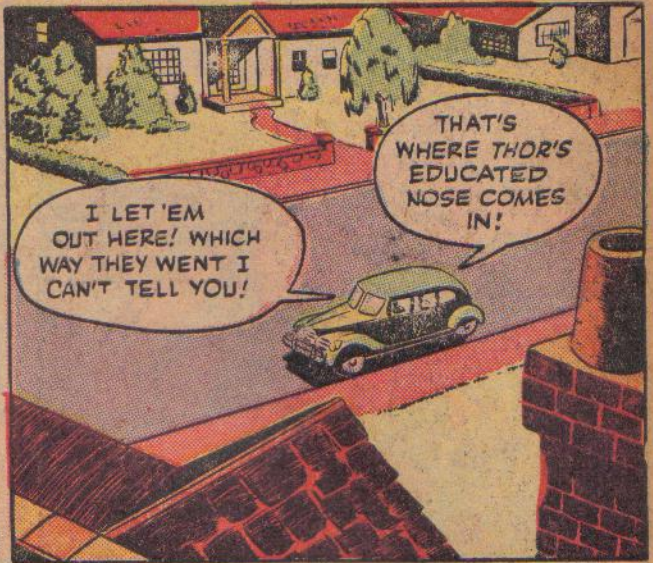


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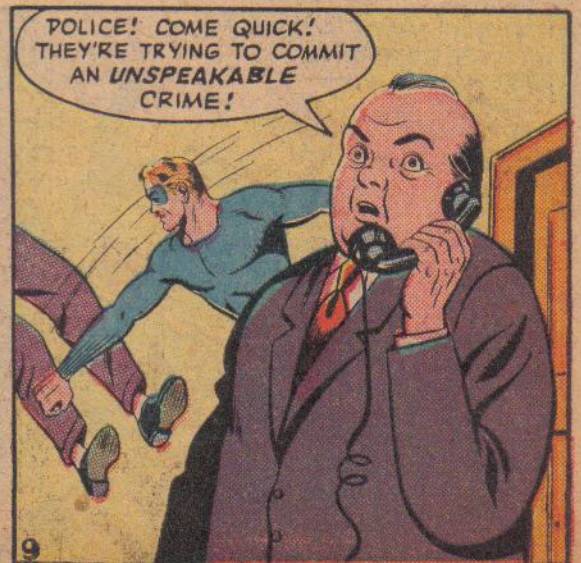
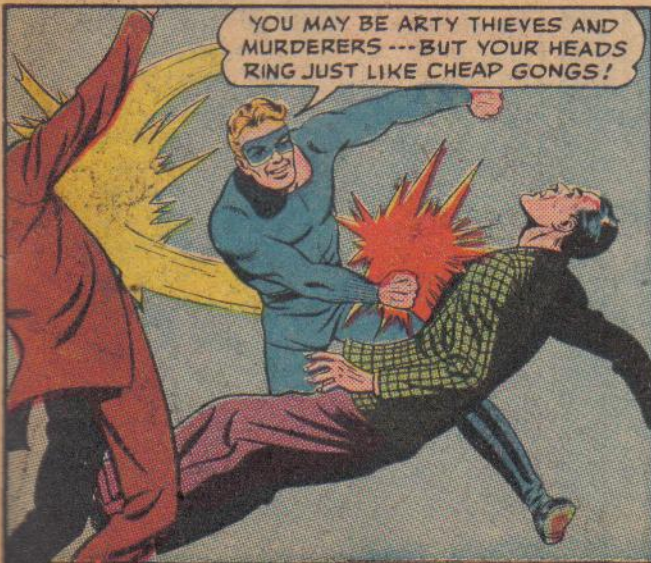
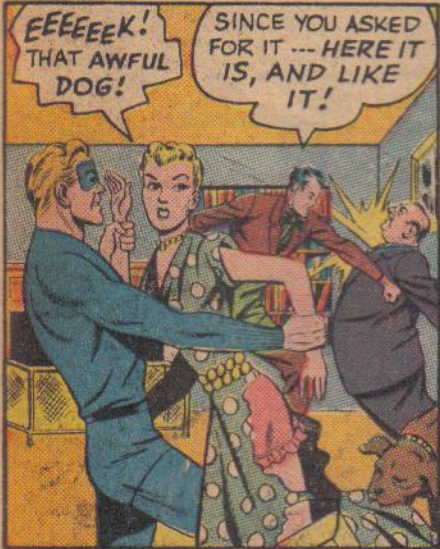




POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS

When the police arrive....



WHAT'S UP, MANHUNTER?

THESE ARE THE THREE RATS WHO ROBBED AND KILLED MERRICK! THEY'LL TALK, I BELIEVE!

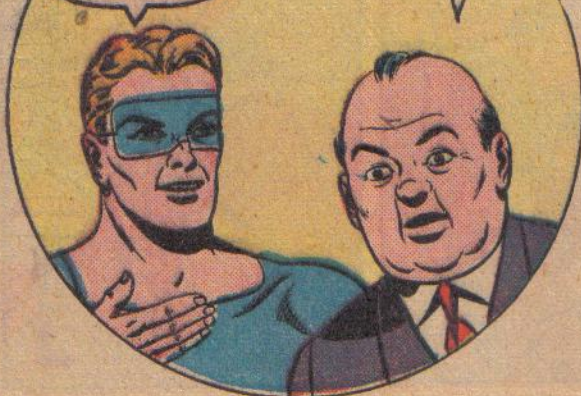
OKAY! WE LOSE! WE KILLED MERRICK FOR HIS PRIZE PICTURE! FIRST WE DRUGGED THE COP ON THE BEAT-----

I FAKED A PHONE CALL AND BICKY MADE OFF LIKE SOMEONE RELIEVING HIM!



GIVE PLENTY OF CREDIT TO THIS GENTLEMAN! HE HELPED ME ROUND THEM UP!

I WENT WILD WITH FURY! DO YOU KNOW WHAT THEY PROPOSED TO DO?

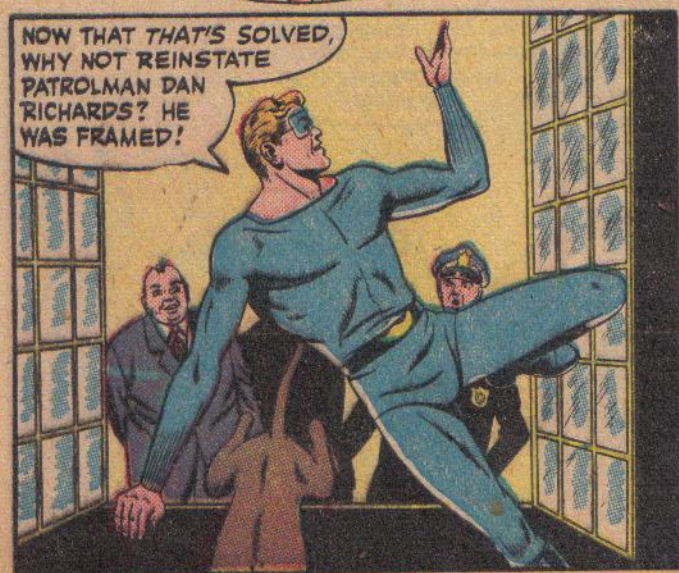


THEY WERE ACTUALLY GOING TO BREAK THIS PRICELESS WORK OF ART OVER MANHUNTER'S HEAD! THEY DESERVE LIFE IMPRISONMENT!

HMMM -- I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN -- OR DO I?



NOW THAT THAT'S SOLVED, WHY NOT REINSTATE PATROLMAN DAN RICHARDS? HE WAS FRAMED!

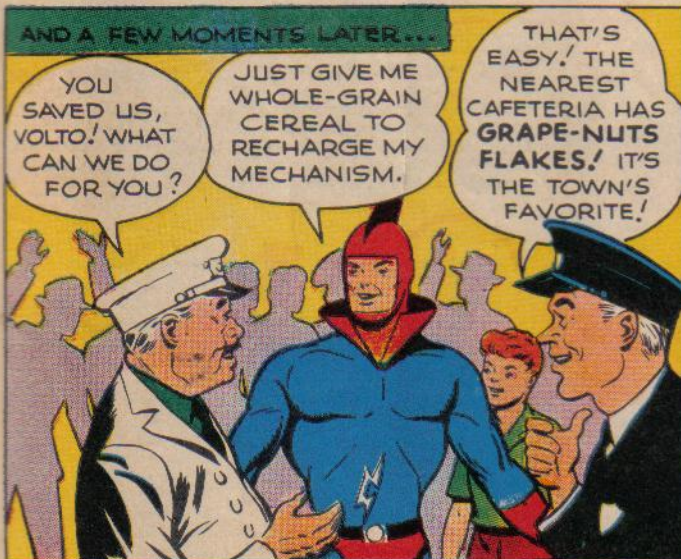
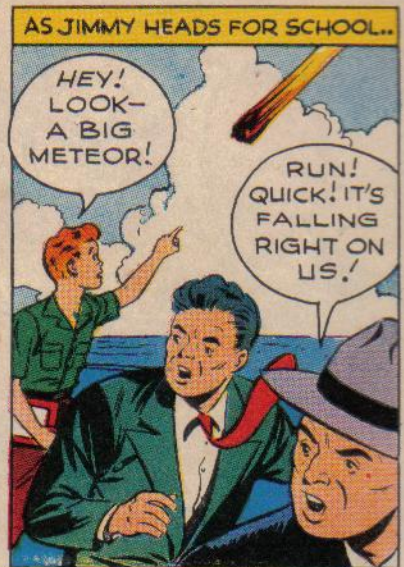
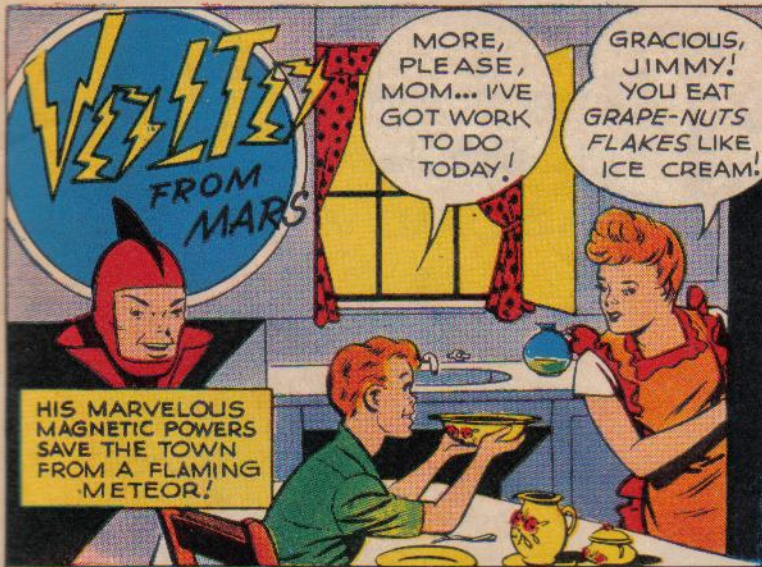


Next day...

IT WAS A MISTAKE, RICHARDS, ME BOY! AND YE CAN THANK MANHUNTER FOR CLEARING YOU!

BUT HE NEVER WAITS FOR ANYBODY TO THANK HIM! -- DOES HE, CAPTAIN?





TUNE IN **HOP HARRIGAN**, BLUE NETWORK STATIONS, 445 MON. THRU FRI.



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